

THE CYCLONE ON THE GULF
OCTOBER AN ARRAY OF TIMELY ARTICLES AND Ten Cents
BRIGHT AMERICAN STORIES

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Shaw, Dr Albert A Aug 01
12 Astor Place

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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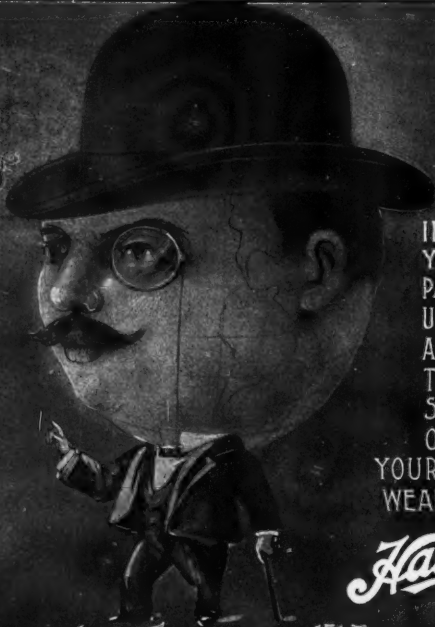
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GOD'S CARGO IN THE FLEETS OF TRADE



NOTE

This is the first utterance by an English-speaking poet upon the gigantic problems that confront the Western world in the East, and it has been pronounced one of the strongest poems that has appeared in print for some time, and grapples the duty of the hour in a truly American spirit. The following note from the author has a special significance that will be appreciated:

Editor "National Magazine":

I enclose a poem for "The National." Last night when I wrote it, I was full of the ichor of civilization, the love of my fellows. I would like to have written an argument for leaving the East to slumber in peace, but the wings of Destiny kept flapping about my ears, and I could not escape from the Facts as they are. Of course I have failed to express all I wished to express on this theme, but perhaps I have said something along the line of the Western world's inevitable course of action—I had almost said Duty, but that is below the level of the ground I had to take. It is not what the West would like to do, or ought to do, but what it must do, and in time will do, that appeared to me last night. I have waited a decent length of time for Kipling, the big voice of the Anglo-Saxons, to say what ought to be said, as only he can say it, to the West, concerning its present mission in China, but he has not spoken; so it is permitted the field to try for the prize, with the sure winner withdrawn.

Frank Putnam

Be not afraid, I have no creed
To thrust in your unwilling ears;
The changeless mission of the years
I witness in the passing deed.

Where Asia's dragon rears his head,
And bids the fleets of trade retire,
His foulness shall be cleansed with fire,
His altars with his blood be red.

His patient bondmen shall be freed,
His gods return to primal dust;
East's daughters, by the victors' lust,
Give earth a stronger, shrewder breed.

Some truth these new men shall digest
With mother-milk from Eastern lore;
And from their fathers something more,
The quickened wisdom of the West.

The leveling upward process runs,
A bright thread, through the warp of time;
So, from the loins of seeming crime,
Spring fairer daughters, nobler sons.

The engines of the fleets of trade
Are spurred by many a secret flame;
Their masters know not why they came
Across wild waters undismayed.

They know not all they take o'er sea,
Who bully, barter, bribe and buy:
They take a light that cannot die,
The lamp God lit in Galilee.

The living wires that link the lands,
The steel-shod ships that swim the seas,
They also serve divine decrees
That hour they answer trade's demands.

No more, in grim, barbaric pride,
Shall any people close their door
Against their brothers; never more
Alone shall any people bide.

I urge not war nor peace; I see
Earth's peoples meet, recoil—and blend;
And each man finds his foe a friend,
And each have made the other free.

Frank Putnam



Photo by Chickering

AN AMERICAN GIRL OF TO-DAY

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII

OCTOBER, 1900

No. 1

THRILLING EXPERIENCES IN THE GALVESTON STORM

By Clarence Ousley, Editor of the "Galveston Tribune"

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

I AM forbid, because I have no right to tell you that today, six days after the Galveston hurricane of September 8, a man's wife was uncovered with fifteen other bodies under a pile of debris festering in the slime of the emptied ocean, twenty blocks away from the site of her obliterated home; her identity revealed only by the necklace at her throat; her half born infant—

But stop! Here come the workmen to incinerate the pile! The torch is applied, the flame licks the funeral pile and the carrion is consumed.

I am forbid, because words are as weak as the frail works of man with which the furies of the wind and wave made revel and riot.

Every man of the pen has bewailed the beggary of language in picturing the beauties and the sports of nature. How inexpressibly poorer is it in describing the madness of the elements. Besides, we are all unnerved, and no man is master of his faculties. In New York there is a picture gallery of Dante's Inferno. Walk through it and imagine that the counterfeits are pictures of your friends, neighbors and loved ones; live in it five days,

and then try to write a story of what you experienced. Our pictures are not pictures of sin, but of sorrow, sacrifice, heroism, and every one is hung by our own heart-strings. Next door was a bosom friend, whose wife was as a sister, whose children were little less in one's affections than one's own. There they all be, reeking and purple in the adjoining yard. A door beyond, another neighbor's wife and child have never been found. Still farther, the wife is gone and three children are left to a father's awkward care. On the corner two brothers lost their entire families.

And this is the story from the east end to the west end, three blocks deep and three miles long. Westward the waste reaches entirely across the island, two miles wide there, and a suburb of 1500 people is as if it had never been. Further inward from the shore the wreckage feathers somewhat, but does not feather out, for the bay on the north meets the gulf on the south and the carnival of death and destruction reigned in every street.

Are you incredulous of the estimate of 3000 dead? We have counted that many. How many were carried out on the receding tide will never be known. How many have been burned in the debris we cannot even guess. Our population by the late census was a little less than 38,000. We felt sure it was more correctly over 40,000.

Whatever it was on Sept. 8, it was 4000 to 5000 less on Sept. 9, and there was no exodus in the flesh.

On Sept. 7, the morning forecast of the local weather bureau predicted for the following 24 hours high winds from the north, caused by a storm centre in the tropic waters to the south, which drew the currents to its vortex of depression. True to warning, the gale came during the night and continued all Saturday, September 8, with increasing violence, driv-

ing assurance from my paper, the "Evening Tribune," of Saturday, the 8th, written at noon:

GULF STORMS

"Galveston is today having a disagreeable touch of the tropical storms which generally develop in the gulf at this season of the year. Some people do not understand why the waters of the gulf are high while the wind prevails from the north. The explanation lies in the fact that the centre of the storm is off shore

WRECK OF AN ENGLISH SHIP



ing the water from the bay on the north against and over the wharves on the harbor side, and causing perhaps a quarter million dollars of damage to docks and shipping. ✓Meanwhile the waves on the gulf side, that is, on the south, became more and more boisterous, and the tide rose rapidly until at 2 p. m. it was 6 feet above "mean low." Already considerable damage was done to beach-side residences, bathing pavilions, etc. But there was as yet no alarm. We had had high water before. The physical geographers had assured us we could never suffer a tidal wave because of our shelving beach. I cannot better depict the local confidence and philosophy than by inserting here a little edi-

some 50 miles east and south, and the wind from the shore is setting toward the centre of the disturbance. The high water is the result of the disturbance at sea. Whether the water will subside or rise higher depends upon whether the storm pass around us or approach near enough to deflect the present north wind to the south so as to make it reinforce the wave action.

Even with higher waters, the only damage possible is inundation. The waves are rough on the beach and are seriously pounding structures too close to the water. But such a thing as a serious tidal wave is impossible on Galveston island for the reason that the beach shingles so

far out to sea that the waves are broken before they reach land, and consequently have little force. An abrupt shore would receive the full shock of the wave, but a shelving shore dissipates the force of the movement, so that while the water may rise high and cause great inconvenience, it can not come with the power of destruction which accompanies wave action on shores differently constructed.

The storm has not yet reached us. It

knee-deep, but I had done the same thing in the rain storm.

[I find myself relating my own experience. It is offensive from one point of view, but I can't get away from it. Besides, it is a common experience, and I am treating myself objectively, as a type of many thousand.]

The forecast of noon, Sept. 8, was:

"The tropical storm central in the Gulf

RUINS OF ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH



may or may not come. If it comes it will bring higher winds, possibly destructive, and higher waters, but from the inundation itself there is nothing to be feared."

When the paper went to press at 3.30 the tide was perhaps seven feet. Galveston is about nine feet above sea level, but the waves which were breaking over the wharves and the terrific rain which was falling inundated the business district and filled the streets to the top of the pavement. But we had a few weeks before experienced a 16-inch rainfall and we felt no particular alarm.

When I left the office at four o'clock the cars had stopped and I had to wade

of Mexico, south of Galveston, is moving westward. High northeast winds today, shifting to east and southeast tonight."

That meant that the storm was heading our way and I hurried home to make things snug for a nasty night. My lot is three blocks from the gulf shore and filled to about seven feet above mean low tide. The water was then a foot deep in the yard, and I grieved at the destruction of the lawn and flowers by the salt water. How we pine over trifles and laugh at calamities.

The wind was higher, perhaps 45 miles an hour, and had taken many slates from the roof. The rain poured in and all mem-

bers of the household were busy as bees sopping up the wet and distributing vessels under the leaks.

By 5 o'clock the water was two feet deep, but we knew every minute that the next the tide would turn. The table was set for dinner and I smelled the roast in the oven. The water was pouring through the roof at such a rate that we abandoned mopping the floors with old clothes and used brooms. We had already suffered much loss to furniture, carpets, rugs and draperies, but they could be replaced; the

town earlier in the afternoon. We laughed at their nervousness.

At seven o'clock the water was four feet deep. A lady neighbor, whose husband was away and who was indisposed, came in with her half-grown son and baby boy. She lived a block nearer to the beach and said her house was rocking badly. Her oldest son had brought her in his arms, while the next oldest brought the baby. Then the oldest went back for two lady roomers, to remove them to another residence in the block next toward the town.

RUINS OF HOTEL GRAND



house was safe, the tide would presently recede and in after years we could talk about the high water of 1900, the highest in Galveston's history.

At six o'clock the water was three feet deep, but we knew it would soon set backward, and so we sat down to dinner, considerably flustered, but not frightened.

Then the gas went out, and we hoped the injury to the mains would not be serious. We resurrected an old kerosene lamp and continued with the meal.

One or two neighbors came in to ask what we thought about it, and some of the more timorous had taken refuge up

The young man was identified at the morgue Monday afternoon. The two ladies were never found.

At 8 o'clock my next door neighbor came in. The water was then five feet, just lapping our front porch and slopping under the doors. He, too, wanted advice. I stepped outside with him and we surveyed the scene. The water was choked with debris, the waves were pounding like battering-rams, the wind had veered to the south and was perhaps blowing 60 miles an hour. We realized the peril. But there was no escape. He had a wife and sister; I a wife and two children, besides my ref-

ugee neighbors. We could hardly hope to hold so many above the water and ward off the hail of wood and slate and glass that filled the air. The houses might stand; if they collapsed we would be no worse off. In the water we stood to lose some; in the house we could lose no more except by collapse of walls, and that was no greater danger than the flying debris. My neighbor went home, and when I saw him Sunday he was looking for his wife and sister among the dead. His house col-

urement or estimate of tide or time. We sat or crouched, listening to windows crash, doors burst, furniture tumble, and felt the house rock like a boat at sea with the artillery of flotsam and jetsam peppering its sides.

About 10 o'clock the house gently moved off the pillars.

"Steady! Everybody keep still!"

It settled so slowly and evenly that a glass of water on a table would not have been disturbed.

BURYING THE DEAD WHERE FOUND



lapsed. He floated out with them on a mattress, but a wave wrenched the women off and he could not anchor his craft to search for them.

At nine o'clock the water was roaring through the lower story and the wind blew out a pane of glass in the dining room, where our kerosene lamp was still flickering a fitful and dispirited flame. The children had been sent up stairs and we blew out the light and followed. Meanwhile we had received other refugee neighbors whose houses were tottering, and altogether 12 of us assembled in the darkness of an upper lee side room.

From then on we could keep no meas-

It was about 11 o'clock, I suppose, when the final lurch came. The house was a snug, compact structure, brick-veneered below and tightly shingled above. I anticipated the wreck of the lower story, but had faith in the upper framework. God bless the carpenter who put those timbers together! May God give strength to the human arms that build houses for his puny creatures!

The lower story crumbled, and with a groan of death agony the faithful, sheltering house plunged downward and rearward.

"Keep still!"

We clutched one another and braced

ourselves against the reeling furniture. Then we settled gently to a new foundation and breathed a grateful prayer that we were still indoors.

But now a new danger confronted us. The house had no sooner settled than the waves rolled in through the windows and we were waist deep in water. The blinds on the south side held and kept out the debris. But for this we would have been murdered outright, for the wind had now reached 84 miles an hour and the tide bristled with pointed beams and slate and glass which in the open brought death to many a drifting person before the waters could claim him.

The men with the larger children got to the rear windows, and the women with the babies stood next, ready to take the flood as a last resort. If the water should rise much higher it would shut us in like rats in a trap. Once I swung out and looked for a place of refuge. There was enough moonlight through the storm to show two or three stout trees in the next yard to the north, some 20 feet away. I seized a passing raft of flooring or roofing and by all the strength I could command held it for a short time. It might

get us to the trees. In the trees we could perch three or four feet above the tide.

But we were spared this last desperate and certainly pitiful adventure. In half an hour more we joyfully observed that the water was below our waists.

"Thank God! It is receding."

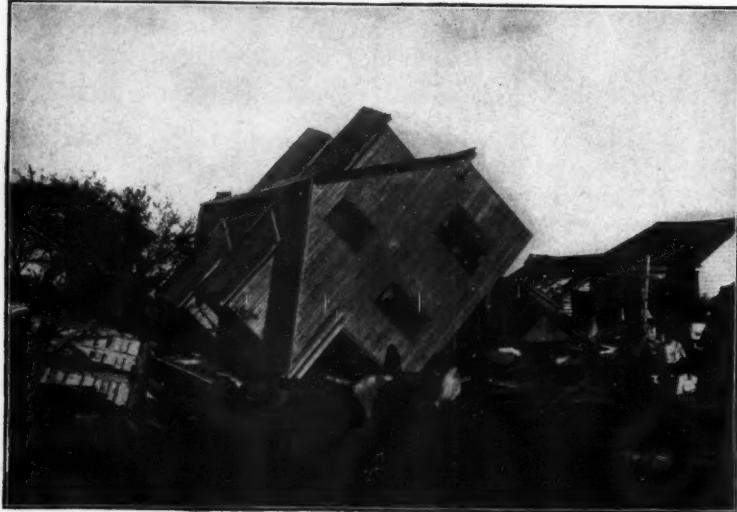
The women with their precious burdens could now venture to sit down on the bed and dresser and wash stand. In another hour we were standing only in the water that slopped the floor. The wind was still high and blowing cold through the riddled walls. In the closets and bath room on the upper shelves were a few clothes, and these we wrapped about us and sat down to await the dawn.

The sky lighted, and we thought it was day breaking, but it was only the moon, and for five hours we sat and shivered and hugged our babies and praised God.

When we crawled out at six o'clock and climbed over the wreckage, immediately west and south, we stood upon a clean space of three blocks deep and three miles long, where had been hundreds of beautiful homes, now swept as clean as the beach itself.

Turning northward we found a tempo-

FRAME DWELLING HOUSES DEMOLISHED



RUINS OF A FOUR-STORY BRICK BUILDING IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT



rary refuge in the next block, but to reach it climbed over debris 20 feet high, entirely across the street and more than a block deep. In the yard of our temporary asylum were 12 dead bodies.

This was Tremont Street, the main highway from the bay to the gulf, and every parallel street from east to west was choked with wreckage and dead in the same degree.

After a breathing spell and a bite to eat from the remains of my neighbor's Saturday dinner, I started up Tremont to town. This is a street of beautiful homes. It stretches about a mile and a half from gulf to bay. Winding around houses and climbing over wreckage thrown pell mell into the street, I made my way, stopping at the homes of friends and inquiring about survivors. North of Avenue O, which is six blocks from the beach, no houses were utterly destroyed, but not one escaped damage from one-half to one-quarter of its value.

And the same is true of the entire city. I doubt if there are a half dozen sound roofs on Galveston island. It is safe to say that a third of the buildings were totally destroyed, and the remainder dam-

aged from 15 to 75 per cent. This does not take into account household furnishings or merchants' stocks, which suffered in about the same degree by inundation and leakage.

I got up town about 9 o'clock Sunday morning, and met men from all quarters—men of the police force who had spent the night in rescuing the unfortunates on their beats, while their own families had perished miserably at home; business men who merely glanced at their wrecked business houses and seized axes to cut away timbers from above a poor fellow calling from the basement of a collapsed restaurant; whites and negroes, all stunned and staggered, but on their feet and seeking what was first to be done.

An impromptu meeting of a few business men was held on a street corner, and resolved that the most urgent measure was to notify the outside world. The railroad and wagon bridges were all gone, and most of the boats that drew little enough water to navigate the bay northward to the mainland were wrecked. But a private naphtha launch was found, manned and started with a message to the president, the governor and the newspapers.

For the first few hours every man was busy looking after his own. But at 2 o'clock P. M. the Mayor assembled all the business men available and a provisional committee was organized. From that hour the work of relief, cleaning and restoration has gone forward steadily, bravely and with marvelous dispatch.

Sunday we all knew the extent of the physical and financial wreck, but few guessed the dead would reach more than 200 or 300.

Monday we began to explore beneath the surface, and the morgues were soon filled to the doors. A thousand, we said, would scarcely cover the number. We could no longer wait for identification. September in Galveston is a summer month. The supply of disinfectants was inadequate for such a demand.

Tuesday we explored deeper and farther. Three thousand was conservative. We could not wait to bury. Identification was now impossible. The sun was scorching, blistering, festering. Don't count them. Haul them to the wharf, three, five, ten in a wagon, dump them on a barge, and take them to sea!

Seven hundred so dispatched! It was grewsome work! Volunteers tried it and fainted. Soldiers and policemen were not enough. There goes a gang of brawny idlers. Round them up at the point of the bayonet and drive them to the task! They vomit! Here's whiskey! At it again! The white men are side by side with the negroes in the work, and the bosses are giving a hand between commands. There is no distinction of color among the dead or the living.

A burly negro rebels and tries to stir up sedition. He falls dead and is tumbled on to the barge. Another stopped to snatch a ring from a finger. He, too, was buried at sea.

Yes, we have done some hard things. But necessity knows no law.

We are making people work—public work; and we are not paying them—not yet—but we are feeding and clothing them. We must do what we can, not what we would.

Wednesday we needed the barges to go to the mainland shore for supplies. Besides, the corpses could no longer be moved, except in fragments. A hole in

JESUIT CHURCH, WHICH STOOD IN THICKLY
POPULATED DISTRICT



**A CLEAN SWEEP, FIFTEEN BLOCKS LONG
BY SIX DEEP**



the street for those that lay on the ground, a fire for those that were cast up with the debris—these were the shifts of a desperate situation. Wasn't that mercy to the rotting dead and greater mercy to the imperiled living?

The work of restitution? It is enormous. Every public work is paralyzed—waterworks, gas works, electric light works—every wheel stopped, every shaft twisted, every street blocked. Yet in six days we have opened a half dozen thoroughfares across the town in each direction. We have water turned on in several districts where the mains are not utterly wrecked. We have provisioned the starving and clothed the naked and ministered to the sick—all imperfectly, but with more success than we hoped Monday morning.

And we shall rebuild! In no man's mind is there a thought of abandonment. Banks and stores are opening and business is beating its way through the choked channels.

The railroads will have a temporary bridge across west bay before this is put to press. Their engineers are already draw-

ing plans for a massive double-track, steel structure, 10 feet higher than the highest ever built. Wharf and dock companies are preparing for stouter and larger structures. The harbor itself is deeper and wider, the jetties intact, the government fortifications will be laid broader and raised higher. New Galveston will be as firmly built as the eternal hills, and her sub-tropical paradise of fruits and flowers along the bays and bayous will blossom anew with God's colors and sweetness.

We have a central committee and various sub-committees of creature comfort, medical attention, sanitation, etc., upheld by a military organization with all the power of the municipality, the State and the federal government.

We are not cast down. We are a little hysterical with the strain, but God is miraculously giving us strength. Sometimes a strong man's lip trembles and his eyes dim. Sometimes a woman stands behind the door and weeps. But it is only for a moment. The sun shines, the gulf breezes are moist, the fires are purifying the atmosphere, and we smile betimes and look confidently into the great, glorious future,

with all its wealth of comfort and happiness, for we shall forget—thank God! We shall forget.

* * *

One word more of personal experience, so that the reader may understand what and how we are doing—and my experience is the experience of thousands of grand men and grander women.

I started this letter last night after supper by the light of a tallow candle. I went to bed when the candle burned out. I finished it this morning in snatches, stopping

on every sheet to give orders for shoes and clothing for the destitute in my ward, attending a committee meeting at 9, another at 12, giving 5 minutes to my own business, answering telegrams and letters of inquiry, bathing my bruised feet in arnica—finally stopping here because I can't give another minute while women and children are crowding around the basement door where are the stores of this ward.

Multiply all I have written by 1000, and then the half is not told.

THE WEATHER BUREAU AND THE GULF STORMS

By Willis L. Moore, Director of the U. S. Weather Bureau

THE loss of probably 6500 lives and upwards of \$20,000,000 in property by the West Indian hurricane that threw its blighting mantle over Galveston on Saturday, the eighth of September, has awakened public interest in (1) the source and the frequency of such atmospheric convulsions, (2) the methods of detecting them at their inception, and of plotting their tracks and giving warning of their approach, and (3) what should be the future of Galveston and other cities similarly situated.

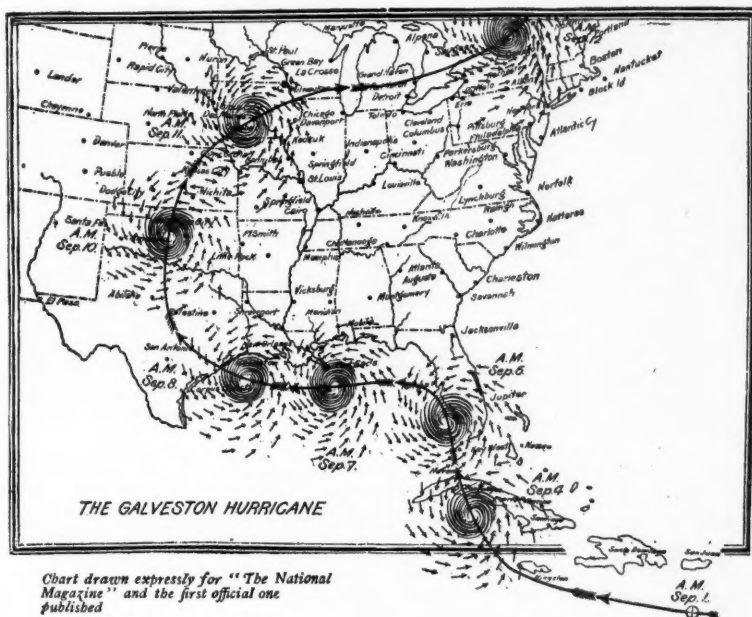
Prior to the summer of 1898 we would have known little or nothing of the beginning of this storm in the Caribbean Sea, or of its approach to Cuba. We would have been unable to keep the shipping of the West Indies fully advised of its inception and slow progression for six days before it reached Key West to timely warn Florida, every port of which felt heavy seas and high winds; to request the craft of the South Atlantic ports to remain in harbor for twelve hours at a time when we were in doubt as to whether the storm, now gaining so rapidly in its velocity of rotation as to attain hurricane severity, would pass up the Atlantic coast or be forced into the Gulf by the bank of heavy dry air lying in front of it; and to prac-

tically sweep the Gulf of Mexico free of shipping with our warnings 24 to 36 hours ahead of the storm, and cause at least \$15,000,000 worth of vessel property to be tied up in safe harbors at a time when nothing could outlive the fury of the coming tempest.

Had this storm come prior to the date referred to in the preceding paragraph the loss of life and property on the open waters of the Gulf would doubtless have far exceeded those at Galveston. There is one man primarily responsible for this magnificent saving of precious life. That man is the Honorable James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, of whose department the Weather Bureau is a part. It was my privilege to be present when he placed before the President the whole matter of extending our weather service over the West Indies. Chairman James Wadsworth of the agricultural appropriations committee of the House accompanied the Secretary. Mr. Wilson exhibited charts to the President and explained that with meteorological observatories placed on the islands and mainland surrounding the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and each included in the cable circuits, it would be possible, with the aid of a fast cruiser, to forewarn our blockad-

ing squadron of the approach of hurricanes in time for the small craft to scurry to a northern harbor, and for the men-of-war to steam away from the storm and out

territory; one government, fearing some strategic military movement on our part, asking if we intended to garrison and fortify the station.



to sea. The thought that Xerxes with his host of Persian galleons on the Grecian coast and the Spanish Armado in the English channel found the invisible atoms of the air, moving at the rate of 80 to 100 miles per hour, more formidable than the fiercest impact of the enemy, might have been uppermost in the mind of the President when he put his approval on the plan of the Secretary and requested Mr. Wadsworth to ask for an appropriation of \$75,000 with which to inaugurate the service. In the President's office that July morning, during a discussion of not more than fifteen minutes, was favorably settled the fate of the most important acquisition to the weather service of the past quarter-century.

Much difficulty was encountered by our State Department in getting permission from some of the foreign governments to erect the observation stations on their

The war had stopped all regular lines of transportation, and many were the expedients resorted to in getting our observers and their instruments to their destinations; but within 30 days after the President gave the order to go ahead a complete cordon of cable-reporting observatories for the first time in the history of weather forecasting surrounded the breeding ground of the death-dealing tropical storms that during July, August, September and October may move north-westward to our continent, and then recurve to the northeast and after passing over some of our territory or skirting our coast-line, pass out to sea.

In 1898 Boreas surely was on the side of the American fleet, for no hurricane came until just after the blockade had been raised, and our fleet relieved from patrol duty. But the elements were only biding their time, and soon a hurricane, seeming-

ly containing all the force that should have been expended in several earlier storms, developed in the vicinity of Barbadoes and moved northward over the Windward Islands. It was especially severe in Porto Rico, leaving 2,000 dead and many thousand homeless, to be fed by the same generous and sympathetic people who are now so nobly responding to the necessities of our Texas brothers. This storm was successfully tracked by the new reporting stations, and warnings everywhere preceded its coming. At Ponce the alcalde (mayor) held the warning message in his pocket until after the storm was over, and when the people learned of his action, it required United States troops to rescue him from the mob, and he was compelled to leave the city for fear of his life. Since this time every tropical hurricane has been tracked, and timely warnings issued, and that which was begun as an instrument of war continues as a beneficent institution of peace.

Our records contain communications from local governors and the representatives of the commerce of all nations, expressing gratitude for its broad and humane policy of freely giving its valuable warnings to the vessels and the ports of all countries where life and property could be saved.

The storm that wrecked Galveston originated about 100 miles south of Porto Rico on September first. For two days previous steadily decreasing pressure, as indicated by the barometers at the stations in the Windward Islands, and the movement of the high cirrus clouds that are supposed to be formed by the moisture ejected into the upper current of air from the center of the whirling storm eddy and rapidly carried away to become visible at places quite remote from the storm, indicated that a disturbance of the normal conditions of circulation existed. The storm moved slowly northwestward and on the fourth was central over Western Cuba, causing torrential rains over the whole island, Santiago receiving fourteen inches in 24 hours.

The chart printed with the article

shows the track of the storm, and at irregular intervals the position of the eddy-like storm center is shown, with the proper dates at the sides.

The storm was never lost sight of through the 6500 miles of the course shown in the chart, and in fact it was observed as it passed for 1000 miles beyond the limits of this chart and moved out to sea from the shores of Nova Scotia. It will pursue the route of ocean steamers bound from Europe to America. Vessels to arrive during the next few days will be compelled to pass through the storm, much to their discomfort if not injury.

The history of this storm especially calls attention to the vast region now brought under the dominion of twice-daily, synchronous observations, embracing an area of 3,000 miles east and west, and so fortunately located in the interest of the meteorologist as to cut an important arc from the circumpolar thoroughfare of the storms of the Northern hemisphere. It is a wonderful panoramic picture of atmospheric conditions that by the aid of simultaneous observations and the electro-magnetic telegraph is presented to the trained eye of the forecaster. Each twelve hours the kaleidoscope changes, and a new graphic picture of actual conditions is shown. Where else can the meteorologist find such opportunity to study storms and atmospheric changes? From this place its usual track would be to recurve and follow up the coast line, with the center of the storm over the water. But on account of a certain distribution of air pressure it was feared that it might continue its westerly course into the Gulf. To be on the safe side warnings were displayed on the sixth on both possible tracks, viz.: as far north as Hatteras and as far west as New Orleans. Within the next twelve hours it was seen that the storm would go west, and the warnings were lowered on the Atlantic coast.

On the seventh the mouth of the Mississippi was reached, and on the eighth, the day after the people of Galveston were given warning, the storm broke over

WRECKED CARS AT THE WHARVES



them. The evening preceding the storm a heavy swell came rolling in upon the beach. This was due to the fact that waves are often propagated outward from the center of the hurricane with a greater velocity than the storm is moving. Do not make the mistake of confounding the velocity with which the storm moves with which it rotates about its vertical axis. It is the latter motion that does all the destruction. For instance, this storm approached Galveston at about the rate of ten miles per hour, but the storm eddy, with a diameter of about 100 miles, was gyrating about its own center at the rate of over 100 miles per hour. The anemometer (wind gauge), on the top of the Weather Bureau office recorded at the rate of 95 miles per hour before the storm reached its greatest force, and then the instrument flew into pieces. Fortunately the office was not wrecked, and the barometer continued its record through the storm, touching 28.55 at the lowest point. This is nearly one and one-half inches below the normal pressure.

I understand that the elevation of Galveston above sea level is four to six feet, and that the whole city was submerged to a

depth varying from five to ten feet. The flapping of the danger flags during the day of Friday and the glare of the warning lights Friday night filled the people with nervous apprehensions that were not allayed by the ominous gray of the cirrostratus clouds that hung like a soiled veil over the morning sky. The advance swell of the hurricane beat high upon the beach with a dismal roar that presaged trouble.

Rail communication was cut off about 1 p. m. The last information to leave the doomed city was a message from Mr. Isaac M. Cline, the official in charge of the local office of the Weather Bureau, who said that at 3.40 p. m. the city was half under water.

The barometer began to rise about 8 p. m.; by 10 p. m. the wind was decreasing, and by midnight the storm had passed. The water quickly ran back to sea, and by daylight Sunday morning the worst destructive storm that ever visited any part of the United States had passed.

As to frequency of hurricanes and the probability of Galveston being visited again by such a storm, it may be said that many storms develop in the region of the West Indies from July to

October each year. Some recurve from their westerly direction before they reach our continent and pass northeastward into the Atlantic, but there is an average of about six that touch our south or east coast with marked severity. Occasionally one passes into the Gulf and ravages our south coast. In 1893 one entered at the mouth of the Mississippi and drowned 2,000 people on the contiguous low lands and islands. In 1895 one passed westward from the Caribbean Sea, touching the north point of Yucatan with the southern periphery of its whirl, and did great damage on the coast of Texas. But the chances are that not more than once in a thousand years would Galveston be so stricken. The indomitable will that is now causing these scourged people to rise from the waters should not be minimized by the howl of the pessimist. The new Galveston will rise superior to the old.

There is one great lesson that should be learned from the Galveston storm, and that should be taken seriously to heart by other cities than Galveston. The loss of life was due mostly to the fact that there were few structures with stable foundations and heavy walls in which the people

could take refuge in times of peril.

It would seem that means should be adopted at Galveston and other similarly exposed cities on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to erect buildings only on heavy stone foundations that should have solid interiors of masonry to a height of ten feet above mean sea level. Rigid building regulations should allow no other structures erected for habitations, in the future in any city located at sea level and that is exposed to the direct sweep of the seas.

From Galveston the storm began to recurve to the northward and by the tenth, with greatly decreased severity, was centered at Oklahoma City. On the eleventh it was central at Des Moines, Iowa, and appeared to be again gaining in energy and heading toward the Lakes. Therefore warnings were telegraphed to all lake ports advising shipping to remain in port. It was well that the warnings were issued, for the storm passed across the lakes at the rate of 60 miles an hour and caused wind velocities of 72 miles per hour at Chicago, 78 miles at Buffalo, and dangerous gales at all other ports. It reached the region of Montreal on the twelfth.

RUINED HOMES, URSALINE CONVENT IN THE DISTANCE



A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXVII.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wabaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wabaska, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wabaska. The employees of the Iron Works, secretly incited by Grierson, go out on strike. Detective Griffin, left on an island by the drifting away of his boat, is rescued by Griswold. Griffin learns from Miss Farnham of her meeting with Griswold on the "Belle Julie." Griffin foils an attempt of the strikers to burn the Iron Works. Margery demands of her father that he shall help Griswold and Raymer in their trouble.

XXVII.

THE day after the riot—the day upon which Margery Grierson asked her father for bread and got a stone—was fraught with other happenings to more than one of those whose trivial tale this is. The first of these fell upon Jasper Grierson, as we have seen, and was little short of a rebellion in his own household. The next was of import to one Andrew Galbraith.

The president of the Bayou State Bank was spending a very pleasant vacation in the quiet Minnesota summer resort. The people at the hotel were chiefly from New Orleans, and hence congenial; the cooking was good, the weather perfect, and the few social doors of the town that Mr. Galbraith cared to enter were opened wide to him. Moreover, Mr. Jasper Grierson had been exceedingly kind to a crabbed old man who was without kith or kin to make much of him; and Miss Margery had quite neglected the younger men to be gracious to him.

It was in the forenoon of this day of happenings, while Mr. Galbraith was smoking his after-breakfast cigar on the great veranda which overlooks the lake, that a caller was announced. A bell-boy brought the card from the office, and Mr.

Galbraith adjusted his glasses leisurely and read the name.

"Mr. Kenneth Griswold, eh? I don't recall the name. Stop a bit—yes, I do. He is Miss Maggie's writer-friend. Ask him if he will step out here where it's cooler."

The bell-boy disappeared and presently returned, towing Griswold. The old man rose with the courtly good breeding of the elder generation and shook hands with his visitor.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Griswold. Miss Grierson has often spoken of you. Sit down—sit down and be comfortable. If you could only have our Louisiana winters to put with your summers, this would be Paradise itself."

Griswold made shift to make some acknowledgment, sat down and began to fumble for his cigar case. What he had come prepared to say to Mr. Galbraith was not made any easier by this instant lugging in of Margery Grierson as his social sponsor.

"A cigar?" said the banker, interrogatively. "Try one of mine; they are Cubans with a pedigree, and if I may toot my own pipe a bit, I'll say they are not to be duplicated this side of New Orleans."

Griswold took the proffered cigar and was still more ill at ease. While he hesitated, not knowing exactly how to begin the tale which should twist itself into a warning to the would-be purchaser of worthless pine lands, the old man leaned back in his chair, regarding him with kindly interest. But all at once he sat up very straight, and the kindly gaze became a sharp scrutiny.

"Have you ever been in New Orleans, Mr. Griswold?" he asked abruptly.

Griswold was instantly on his guard, but in the thick of it he set his teeth upon a sudden resolve not to lie.

"I have; but not very recently."

"H'm; may I ask how recently?"

"I was South for a few weeks last spring and spent part of the time in New Orleans."

Andrew Galbraith sat back in his chair, and for all his apparent lapse into disinterest, Griswold could see the long upper lip twitch nervously.

"H'm; last spring, you say? We had quite a bit of excitement last spring, Mr. Griswold. Did you chance to hear of the robbery of the Bayou Bank while you were there?"

Now Griswold knew that, notwithstanding the seeming abstraction of his question, he was under the sharpest surveillance that a pair of well-trained old eyes could bring to bear; knew this, and made sure that the slightest hesitation, the merest quivering of a muscle would betray him. So, though his lips were parched and his tongue clave to his teeth, he answered with well-simulated nonchalance.

"I read of it in the newspapers on my way North," he said, with exact and literal truthfulness. "I remember thinking it was the most brazen thing I had ever heard of. I presume you know all the parties concerned?"

This was said with the mildest possible shading of decent curiosity, and was a very master-stroke of evasion which did its work effectually for the time. Andrew Galbraith smiled a sour little smile and confessed that he knew one of the parties very well indeed, and went about to explain that the Bayou Bank was his bank.

Griswold listened respectfully, said, "Ah? it must have been a thrilling experience," and said no more. And if he had been from his earliest childhood the closest student of the various methods of averting a crisis he could not have done better.

A little interval of smokers' silence intervened, and Griswold was the first to break it. The thing he had come to say admitted no preface, so he began in the midst.

"What I came here this morning to tell you, Mr. Galbraith, may strike you as an odd thing with which to begin an acquaint-

ance; but as we have no mutual friends, and as common justice is, or should be, more far-reaching than mere acquaintance-ship, I felt it my duty to come. I happened to hear the other day that you were likely to become interested with Mr. Grierson in the Red Lake pine lands. Was my information correct?"

Andrew Galbraith's eyes looked their shrewdest at this, but he answered in the affirmative, and Griswold went on.

"Pardon me if I seem impertinent; but is the transaction concluded?"

The banker said it was, in effect; that it wanted but the passing of a check to its conclusion.

"It involves a good bit of money, doesn't it?"

"It does that. But it's a fine chance to make money."

"May I ask upon what you base that statement?"

"Why, my dear sir! upon the standing pine, to be sure. At the present rate of consumption a five-year holding of a good-sized bit of virgin pine land will treble its value."

"Of virgin forest—exactly. But this particular tract you are buying has been culled and re-culled for ten years or more."

"Wha—what's that you're saying?" Andrew Galbraith staggered up out of his chair heavily, and Griswold saw again the terrified president of the Bayou Bank as he had seen him on that momentous morning in the private office in New Orleans. But this time the start was only momentary. Mr. Galbraith sat down again, and picked up the cigar he had dropped in the shock of it; picked it up, and wiped it carefully with true Scottish canniness.

"I think you must be mistaken, Mr. Griswold," he went on. "I have a file of expert reports thick enough to make a book!"

Griswold rose and held out his hand. "I have done what I conceived to be my duty, Mr. Galbraith,—a rather disagreeable duty, at that,—and I hope you'll pardon me if I have seemed unwarrantably

meddlesome. But I also hope you will send an experienced land-looker whom you can trust absolutely to make you a report before you let that check pass. Good morning."

XXVIII.

In the matter of the armistice Margery was as good as her word—and a little better. She did not go over to the enemy promptly upon its expiration, as she had said she would. Instead, she gave her father another and a final warning.

"Oh, pshaw! what can you do?" was his rather contemptuous rejoinder when she reminded him that the peace protocol had expired by limitation.

"That is neither here nor there," she returned coolly. "You will find out what I can do if you drive me to it."

"Bah!" said the man, "to do, you've got to know. You don't know anything about my business."

"This is your last word, is it?"

"You can call it anything you like. Go ahead with your pigeon-shooting any time you're ready."

Margery bit her lip, gave a little sigh which might have been of disappointment or of renunciation, and said no more.

But the following morning, after a call upon some newly come guests at the resort hotel, she made it a point to stumble upon Mr. Andrew Galbraith, who was smoking a peaceful cigar on the veranda. The purpose of the stumbling was meant to be very obvious; was obvious, since she made it the occasion of inviting the banker to join the party in the launch for an afternoon on the lake. But after she had given the invitation and had left him, she went back to say:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Galbraith, I think poppa has heard something more about those pine lands—up at Red Lake, you know. They are not worth nearly as much as he thought they were. I think he is trying very hard not to believe it, but—"

She stopped abruptly, not because of any maidenly embarrassment, but because she had the rare faculty of knowing when she had said enough. Mr. Andrew Gal-

braith's smile was shrewdly inscrutable, and what he said touched upon the pine-land matter only as it might be a double entendre.

"I thank you, Miss Margery. I shall be very happy to join your launch party."

From the summer resort hotel on the lake edge, Miss Grierson drove to the telegraph office and sent a brief message to a far-away mining-camp in the Rockies. What she wrote on the square of yellow paper was well within the ten-word limit, but it was fraught with consequences to Jasper Grierson out of all proportion to its brevity. "He has broken faith, and you may come," was the message ticked off by the wires into western space. And when she had paid for it, and had seen it shot bullet-wise up the pneumatic tube to the operating room, she sighed again. It was another bridge burned; a bridge of price to a young person whose ambitions were chiefly social.

After this she drove home to don her simplest gown while the man was putting up the high-swung trap and the big English horse, and making ready the pony and the phaeton.

She made a long round in the phaeton, driving herself. It began on the manufacturing side of town and ended there, and was a house-to-house visitation in the quarter occupied by the cottages of the Iron Works men. She saw few of the men; but she did better. She saw and talked with the wives of the men. What she said to the women, and what her saying of it was like to accomplish, was set forth in a brief conference with Edward Raymer at the Iron Works' office—a conference with which the morning of conferences ended.

She found Raymer alone in the office, and was glad enough for that.

"I don't know what you will think of me for meddling in this," she said, when she had told him what she had been doing. "You may say very justly that it wasn't any of my business; but I saw, or thought I saw, a chance for a woman to do what all you men couldn't seem to do. So I did my part, and now if you'll do yours,

I believe the trouble will stop right where it is."

Raymer evaded the business part of it and gave praise where praise was due, taking her hand and letting his eyes say more than his words.

"I think you are the bravest little woman I ever heard of," he said, warmly. "I haven't the least doubt in the world as to the success of your appeal, and no one but a woman—no one but yourself—could have made it. You may be sure that Griswold and I will do our part."

"If you will, I think we may consider the strike settled." She rose and made as if she would go, but that was only because her courage threatened to fail her while yet the major half of her errand was undone. She fought a brave little fight, and then went back to sit down beside him.

"There is something else," she began, nervously, "and I don't know just how to say it. May I say anything I please?"

"Certainly. The privilege would be yours in any case, but you have just earned it a thousand times over."

"You—you have had some dealings with the bank, haven't you?"

"With your father's bank, you mean? Yes, we keep our account there."

"I didn't mean that; I meant—in the matter of—a loan."

"No, not lately."

She looked the surprise which she did not put into words.

"But you did borrow money, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you paid it back?"

"I did; or rather we did. Mr. Griswold came into the firm just then and put in enough capital to pay us out of debt."

She was twisting her handkerchief around her fingers and otherwise displaying a degree of embarrassment which was quite foreign to her, or to Raymer's knowledge of her.

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?"

"Not at all; it was ninety-five thousand dollars."

"So much as that? Somehow, I have

never thought of Mr. Griswold as a—capitalist. But it was a good investment for him, wasn't it?"

"It would have been if we had not had this strike."

She paused again, and again assaulted as one who will not be daunted.

"How much has the strike cost you, Mr. Raymer?"

"A great deal more than it would at almost any other time. We had a number of time contracts with forfeitures, and they have lapsed, of course. One hundred thousand dollars wouldn't more than make us whole again."

"So much as that! All of Mr. Griswold's money, and more." So much she said, and then she was silent until her nervousness began to be contagious to Raymer. At length she said: "You know Mr. Griswold pretty well, and love him; and I know him pretty well, too, and—and like him. Did he ever tell you how he came to have so much money?"

"Why, no. In fact, I never thought enough about it to be curious. From the little he has told me about himself I have gathered that he inherited something from his father, and that accounted sufficiently for his means."

Now Griswold had been more confidential with Margery than he had ever been with his business partner, so she knew the story of the slender patrimony, and of its spending. But what has here been written down of Margery Grierson has been ill-written if it has not shown her to be far more discreet than her sex or her age would bespeak. And because she was wiser than her generation, she went swiftly aside from Griswold's affair.

"I think that is all I had to say," she said, rising again. "All excepting one other thing, and that is harder to say than all the rest."

Raymer rose with her and took her hand again.

"After what you have done it mustn't be hard for you to say anything to me, Miss Margery."

"But this thing is hard—for me, not for you. You say you keep your account at

the Wahaska National. Keep it somewhere else, Mr. Raymer."

He bowed in ready acquiescence. "I'll transfer it at once—and without asking why I should do it," he agreed.

"But—but it is right that you should know why," she faltered. "My father does not like you. Need I say more?"

He pressed the hand he was still holding, and smiled down upon her from his athletic height.

"You needn't have said that much. I have good cause to know it. And that makes your loyalty and goodness of heart all the more wonderful to me, Miss Margery. I hope the time will come when I can show you how much I appreciate——"

She snatched her hand away and turned from him. Though he meant it not, he was slipping into the conventional attitude and it was more than she could bear just then. "Good-bye," she said abruptly; and before he could offer to help her she ran out, sprang into the low phaeton and drove rapidly away.

Raymer stood at the office door and watched her out of sight. Then he went back to his desk and sat down to fall into a musing excursion which led him far away from the matter in hand—the matter of the strike and its probable composition in terms of peace. At the end of the reverie one of its conclusions slipped into speech.

"They may say what they please about her—the mother and Gerty—and the most of the things they say are true; but away down deep in her heart, under nobody knows what a sandbank of trouble and hard living, there is a vein of the purest gold. I guess I couldn't say that if I were in love with her; and yet——"

XXIX.

As it happened, the launch party in which Mr. Andrew Galbraith was to be a guest had to be postponed, after all, on account of the weather. Though there was no storm during the afternoon, there was a good promise of one; so Margery went about to ask the invited ones to save the afternoon of the following day for her.

While she was doing this, the good results of her morning's work among the wives of the strikers culminated, first in a meeting of the men in Labor Hall, and a little later in a visit of a deputation of the strikers to the office of the Iron Works. Griswold and Raymer were both there, and when the trouble came to be discussed without heat, and with a mutual disposition to give and take, it was wonderful how the difficulties were surmounted each in its turn.

The upshot of the conference was a compromise duly acceded to by all concerned; and the following morning the hideous steam siren of the Iron Works announced to all and sundry within a radius of half a dozen miles that the long strike was ended.

It was characteristic of the two partners that the relaxing of the strain affected them in diametrically opposite ways. Raymer flung himself into the work of the office with all the joyous abandon of a schoolboy whose vacation has been over-long. But Griswold took a holiday, rioting in his release from the strain, and meaning to spend the better part of the day alone on the lake in his cat-boat.

Oddly enough, he was diverted from this plan not once, but a dozen times during the forenoon. First he had to go with Raymer to be present at the opening of the firm's account at the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank. Then he chanced to meet Griffin, and when he would have made a mere greeting of that, was drawn aside to smoke a social cigar with the detective in the lobby of the St. James.

A chat about everything in general and nothing in particular went with the cigar-burning, and it was at the very end of it that Griswold noticed a most astonishing change come upon his companion; a change so marked that he thought Griffin was taken suddenly ill—thought it and said so.

Griffin shook his head in denial.

"I guess it must have been suggestion," he said, evasively. "You have a very vivid way of describing things, Mr. Griswold, and your telling me about that attack of typhoid gave me the sympathetic qualms."

This was what he said, but it was no more than half of the truth. It was not the fact of the fever but some mention of the time of it that had moved him; and when Griswold was gone he sauntered over to the clerk's desk to ask a question.

"You told me once, a while ago, that Mr. Griswold was sick here in the house," he began. "Was that last spring? or was it late in the winter?"

"I don't remember, but I'll look and see," said the clerk. And he looked and saw, and this time gave his questioner the correct date of Griswold's arrival in Wahaska.

Griffin moved away with his hands deep in his pockets and his lips drawn into a thin, straight line. This was the last broken link in the chain of evidence, and Griswold's dropped word and the clerk's answer had welded it. Kenneth Griswold was the man who had robbed the Bayou Bank, who had exchanged identities with John Gavitt on the Belle Julie, who had talked with Constance Farnham and had fallen straightway in love with her, who had disappeared in St. Louis only to reappear in Wahaska twelve hours later.

Truly, he was the man to whose finding Griffin had given many weeks of more or less valuable time. But, alas! for the ends of even-handed justice, he was also the man who had lately saved the life of one Griffin.

Griswold went his way from the hotel little thinking that he had blown the forge-fire for the welding of the broken link. It was so near noon that he thought he would go to Mrs. Holcomb's for luncheon before going out in the Sprite. But when he was fairly in sight of the Holcomb gate he was again turned aside. This time it was Doctor Farnham, loosing his horse at the Digby's hitching-post.

"You're worse than a stranger," said the good doctor, "and you haven't a busy man's excuse. Get in here and let me take you home for a bite of bread and butter. Charlotte was asking only this morning if you had left town."

Griswold did as he was told to do, thinking himself more and more a puppet of

chance for that day. At the house on the lake brink he was made very welcome, notwithstanding he had not darkened its door since the night of the dinner party and the riot. Charlotte was cordial—nay, something more; was evidently glad to see him; this though he made sure that some remains of the barrier he had raised in his blundering was still between them.

After luncheon they all went out on the lakeside veranda; and later, when the doctor had driven away, and Miss Gilman had gone in for her siesta, Griswold made a bold proposal.

"The afternoon is perfect, Miss Charlotte, and the breeze has fallen to a 'lady-gale.' Will you trust yourself to go out with me in the 'Sprite'?"

Now Charlotte could be as conventional as Miss Grierson was reckless of the conventions; but there were many things waiting to be said to Mr. Kenneth Griswold, and she made the possible opportunity her excuse. So she put the conventionalities aside and said she would go.

Griswold left her when she went in to get ready, and had the cat-boat unmoored and around at the Farnham landing when she came out and ran down the lawn. He handed her into the boat and placed the cushions for her; and when he was shoving off, the Grierson launch put out from the Mereside pier with a gay party grouped under the red-and-white striped awning.

The two craft passed within a hundred feet of each other, and Griswold lifted his hat to Margery. A little later, Charlotte took her cue from the incident.

"You asked my advice about something a few evenings ago," she began. "Did you take it?"

"I made a consummate fool of myself a few evenings ago," was his reply.

"Did you?" she countered, with sweet frigidity. And then: "Am I to take that as an answer to my question?"

"No. My foolishness didn't go the length of an appeal to Miss Grierson."

"Didn't it? I thought, from a word or two that Edward let fall, that Miss Grierson was in some way responsible for the ending of the strike."

"So she was; but not at any asking of mine. In fact, I haven't seen her since that night—not to speak to her."

"What did she do?" asked Charlotte, mildly curious.

"I don't know; really. Raymer is as dumb as an oyster on that point. All he would tell me was that Miss Grierson had found a woman's way out of the trouble, and had taken it."

Charlotte was silent for a time, for so long a time that the cat-boat had made a good offing before she spoke again. And when she did speak, it was not of Miss Grierson, or of the strike; it was of the weather. Off in the west a little cloud was mounting and she pointed it out.

"Does that mean more wind?" she queried.

"I think not," said Griswold. "But if it does, I'll run in at once."

"I'm afraid you think I am a sorry coward of wind and water," she ventured, after a little. "I used not to be. I used to have a boat of my own and go out in almost any weather. But since the capsizing of the Mysie——"

"Were you here then?" asked Griswold. The sinking of the steam yacht Mysie with all on board in one of the sudden summer squalls some years before was the major tragedy of the lake, and it had had a full column in the New York papers.

"I was here, and—and I saw it. It happened just a little way out from our pier. Oh, it was dreadful!" she shuddered. "To see them drowning and not to be able to do one little thing to help them."

Griswold nodded in sympathy. "I can understand. Shall we go about?"

The cloud in the west which had been no bigger than the "Sprite's" mainsail had suddenly grown to half the width of the horizon, and cool little puffs of wind were coming across the lake.

"Do as you would if you were alone," she said. "I am not afraid—with you."

None the less, Griswold put the helm of the cat-boat down and stood in for the Wahaskan shore. For a few lengths the "Sprite" shot ahead, and then a dead calm, the lull before the approaching storm,

came and sat upon the face of the waters, and the boat merely rose and fell with flapping sail. It was too late to retreat.

Griswold measured the possibilities in a swift backward glance at the darkening sky, put the tiller into Charlotte's hands and went to double-reef the mainsail. He would have scorned to do it had he been alone, but he was tender of Charlotte—tender of her fears.

When the last reef-point was tied he took his place at the helm again, and they waited in silence while the black cloud climbed the sky-arch and blotted out the sun. Still the breeze did not come, and Griswold watched with growing anxiety, always with Charlotte's fears in mind.

While they waited, the Grierson launch came around the southern end of the island, gliding shoreward with a curling feather of spray under its cutwater and a broad wake of foam in its track. In mid-flight, however, the engines were stopped, and when they were set in motion again, the launch was made to sweep a short half circle to meet the coming storm bows on. Griswold saw and shook his head.

"Whoever is responsible for that is a fool," he said, bluntly. And then, with sudden emphasis: "Hold hard, and don't be afraid: here it comes!"

Almost as he spoke the surface of the lake blackened and went flat under the broom-sweep of the squall, and a moment later the "Sprite" was buried in a smother of fierce-flying foam. The gallant little boat shook herself free in a twinkling, and was up and at it, thrashing through and over the seas which seemed to spring up out of the foam reek as if by magic. Griswold took the end of the sheet-line in his teeth, and so had an arm for the tiller and one for Charlotte; and in the thick of it the cat-boat shot away for the bay and safety. As befitted him, Griswold had eyes for nothing save the seas and the straining sail, and it was a little shriek from his companion that made him glance aside.

"The launch!" she cried. "It's going to capsizel!"

Whoever was responsible for the steer-

ing of the launch had done a thing to be repented of, and not now by any means to be repaired. He had put the little vessel's head to the storm instead of running before it, which was the better chance, and now, when the waves were breaking over the low bows, it was too late to take the alternative. Any attempt to turn tail and run before it must inevitably put the narrow-beamed launch into the trough of the seas, and yet this was what the foolish steersman was evidently trying to do.

Griswold luffed a little from the mere life-saver's instinct, but he remembered his own responsibility and let the cat-boat fall off again.

"Don't look," he said, shortly. "There will be another tragedy over there in a minute or two."

"Oh, go to them, Mr. Griswold! Please don't mind me!" she pleaded. "Give me the sheet to manage; I know how, and I'm not afraid now."

He looked into her eyes and saw the heroine there; the heroine that he had known was in her from that first seeing of her in the far-away Southern city. It made his love for her fill his heart to bursting, and at the moment he could have met death at her side with a smile.

With that look to steady him he put the tiller down, crouching with her to keep the launch in sight. But as the cat-boat came around to thrash sidewise through the reek and spume on her errand of rescue, the launch lurched to its jammed helm, swung into the trough, rolled heavily once or twice, and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE WIZARD PEOPLE

A DOWN the ways of winter,
Above the vasts of snow,
With woven flame their sandals shod,
Through airy wastes by paths untrod,
The wizard people go.

By day their feats are hidden,
But night beholds their mirth,
When in the abysses of the air
Their sorceries they flaunt and flare
Above a wondering earth.

In vain the hilltops hearken,
Their lips no sound reveal;
But ever on, from arc to arc,
Across the spangled depths of dark
Their pennons whirl and wheel.

Why come they? Who can answer?
Whence go they? Who can tell?
Flaming and fading down the night,
A mystery, a dream-delight,
A splendor and a spell!

Such are the wizard people,
The brethren of the pole;
And though man long has sought to gain
Their secret, suns shall wax and wane
Ere he shall read their soul!

Clinton Scollard

IN THE CASE OF NORRIS AND DOOLITTLE

By Lewis Worthington Smith

THE county attorney of Furnas county had proved an exceptionally satisfactory officer, and even his political opponents sometimes praised him. He had unearthed some very questionable proceedings of several opposition officials who had held office before the last election, and the members of his own party were almost a unit in his support. His absolute integrity and his devotion to his party and the interests of reform were so well-known that no one thought of questioning them, and as the time for the state convention drew near his friends began talking of him for a state office.

"If we can put up men like Norris," said Tom Carson, waiting for dinner under one of the big trees in Theodore Stevens' front yard, where he was helping thresh wheat; "the republicans won't git a smell at the pie-passin', an' I want to tell you right now they're gittin' mighty scared a'ready," and Tom lifted a vehement hand and brought it down again on the sward.

"Well, sir, it's funny," said the other man, Joe Williams; "when he first came to Eustis ten years ago they was some that shuk their heads and said that this wa'nt no place for him, but I jest told 'em to wait. Why, sir, they was men mean enough to say we didn't want no more people out here no how, the country couldn't raise enough to feed 'em and now actually he's did more for us than anybody."

"Yes, think of that five hundred dollars that Dahlgren stole and he made him pay back, and all the other money he's saved for us."

"Had you heard that Mary Dahlgren was married last week?" leaning back against the tree trunk and smiling quizzically.

"Married! No, who'd she marry?" and

he sat up a little straighter, and a new interest was in his face.

"Bob Anderson."

"Bob Anderson! well, that does beat all!" and he leaned back on his elbow in the grass: "How did she ever come to do that?"

"I dunno. She could 'a done better, I guess; but maybe she's like the woman Frank Mallory tells about."

"What's that?"

"Why, he was down in Arkansas, ye know, he an' another fellow, an' they was agoin' along an' came to a cabin and asked for dinner. The woman was jest clearin' off the table but she got 'em somethin' t' eat an' while they were eatin' her man come in, an' he was a nigger. Purty quick the man went out an' the other fellow says, 'You married a nigger, did you?' 'Yes, she said, 'but I did better'n my sister, she married a Missourian.'"

Tom sat up straight again his eyes gleaming.

"Well, sir, sure enough she did: they're a shifless lot. I was down to Sedalia oncet, and further on down, and——"

But the call to dinner interrupted him and they filed in behind the other men and sat down at the table. There were a dozen men to eat and the room was crowded. Mrs. Stevens and two neighbor girls were hustling about in wearied anxiety. Between the wall and the chairs there was barely room for the waiters to pass.

"Mr. Stevens," said a young man at the other end of the table, "what do you think of the chance of their nominating Frank Norris for some state office this summer?"

"I don't know anything about it. He has friends who will make a big fight for him, but you can't tell what a convention will do until the convention is over."

"I think," said "Squire Hayes," "that if

Frank Norris knows what he is about he won't let them nominate him. We're all his friends around here, we know him and we like him and we don't care what his politics are: but the state don't know him, and he hasn't time to shake hands with any great number of the dear people between now and next November."

"Yes, that's just it; the best man never gits' in," said Dan Moberly: "It was just that way with Blaine. He was the biggest politician we ever had in this country, and what did the people do to him? They just turned him down, but he was popular, I tell you he was popular with the people," and Moberly leaned forward over the table, flanked on either side by his upright knife and fork, the enthusiasm of hero-worship gleaming in his eyes.

"Blaine was popular, of course," said Mr. Harvey, a man who talked little, a great deal less than he knew and thought; "but he always played to the galleries and his influence died with him. He was the advocate of outworn ideas, and he contributed nothing to the world of thought in statesmanship or sociology."

Moberly was in the same attitude as before but the enthusiasm had passed out of his face, and something between wonder and anger was growing in it.

"Well, we won't quarrel about Blaine, now," said Mr. Stevens: "we've got plenty of things right to hand to concern us. Now this year, if Norris gets a nomination for a state office he'll go in. Things are just right for him this year and he'll go in."

After dinner they scattered in various directions before going to work again. The horses had to eat a little longer and everyone was glad to be for a few moments away from the dust and noise of the threshing machine. Tom Carson was sitting alone in the shade, leaning forward a little as his fashion was, when Joe Williams came up behind him quietly.

"Why don't you sit up straight?" said Williams and Tom straightened up against the tines of the pitchfork that Williams held behind him.

"Ef you don't look out I'll run that

plum' through you," he said jumping away from the sharp points.

Williams lopped down on the grass beside him.

"Did you see how Amos looked when Mr. Stevens took that dish away from him? He didn't know what was the matter, but it did me good. He knew that he'd put his foot in it somehow, an' that's a mighty hard thing for Amos to realize."

"That's right, it is, but you should 'a seen him that night Jake Doolittle cleaned him up at high-five. Amos had twenty-five dollars when he went to town, an' he lost all that an' owed five dollars when he went home."

"But Jake Doolittle needs a lesson just as bad as Amos and worse. It's an actual fact," and Williams sat up straighter, "it 'ud make that man sick to earn an honest dollar."

"He's been a big help to the pop party," gently remonstrant, his head twisted and bent a little to one side.

"He's done a heap o' talkin', but talk's cheap. All he cares about the people or the party is the chance o' gettin' office. A regular salary 's a little surer 'n gamblin', an' then he'd see to it that he'd have time left for that too."

"But he's too sharp for the Republicans. He can scheme to beat 'em all."

"Oh, yes, he's no fool; but between a fool an' a rascal give me the fool every time. You can do as much with the fool as you can with the cutthroat and he isn't doin' you at the same time."

Williams rose to his feet, throwing back his arms and shoulders and drawing a full inspiration into his lungs.

"They're goin' out to the field," he said, "an' we'd better be movin' along."

Late that afternoon while the thresher was still puffing dust and straw like smoke and ashes out of a volcano Dan Moberly got down from the straw stack and stood wiping the dust and perspiration from his face and eyes. Then, after taking a drink of water, he looked down the road, as he put the cork back in the jug, and saw a carriage drawing near in a cloud of dust. In a moment it came out of the road into

the field, and Moberly watching it intent-ly said,

"I declare, if that ain't Jake Doolittle!"

"Yes, I guess it is," said Mr. Harvey, who had just finished with the jug and was setting it down; "what does he want here?"

"I'll have t' go out an' see;" and Moberly strolled out to meet the new comer, but presently came back with the information that Mr. Stevens was wanted.

"I haven't much time to talk today," said Stevens as he stuck his pitch fork in the ground and drew his shirt-sleeve across his dusty face, but he went out to the carriage, walking slowly, and looking, now down at the ground and now searchingly at the carriage as he went.

"Well, what is it?"

Doolittle leaned forward, turning eyes about in all directions and speaking in a low tone.

"We had our convention yesterday and you were named as one of the delegates to go to the state convention. You'll go all right, I suppose?"

"I don't know about it. I hadn't expected to and I'm terrible busy just now."

"It's two weeks off yet and we want some one who can do us some good down there. We are going to try to nominate Norris for Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, and you ought to go."

"Are you going?"

"Why—I'm not a delegate, I shall be there you know. I can help the boys just as much as if I were a delegate; and then—if you don't go, I am to take your place."

"Oh, that's it!"

Stevens stood there, one foot on the buggy step, his knee supporting his elbow, his head resting on his hand, and was silent for a moment thinking in a puzzled way.

"Of course you want to do all you can for Norris?" said Doolittle in an encouraging and interrogative way at once.

"Yes, but I have to look after my pocket-book pretty closely. My wheat is running only eight or nine bushels to the acre, as near as I can make out. Think of

that! Where is the convention this year?"

"Hastings, that isn't far and things are going to come our way after this. There may be something in it for you," and Doolittle looked at him curiously to measure the effect of his words.



"The County Attorney"

"That don't have anything to do with it; if I could afford to go, I would be glad to do it, and perhaps I can, perhaps I can," taking his foot from the step and straightening up: "I'll let you know next Monday."

Taking this as a sort of dismissal Doolittle drew up on the reins, touched the horses lightly with the whip and drove off.

"Hayes," said Stevens when he had gone back to the threshing, "they've chosen me a delegate to the state convention, and if I don't go, who do you suppose is going to act as proxy for me?"

"Don't know."

"Doolittle, think of that. He didn't think I'd go, I know; and he fancied I would say that he had better go, because he could do more than I."

"If we get many such men as Doolittle in the populist party, we'll have to stop talking reform. You'd better go yourself."

"I can't afford it, but I believe I will go."

"It's a clear duty."

"Well, the next time you are down town, tell Doolittle I am going to go, will you?"

And so it happened that Jake Doolittle didn't get a chance to vote in the state convention that year.

II.

The delegates were quartered mainly at the Lawrence Hotel, and out in front of the hotel sat Doolittle, shaking hands with every delegate whom he had met before, and as far as possible with those he had not. Norris was there, talking, when Stevens first saw him, with a well dressed man of dignified bearing and apparently interesting him. He talked casually with a few of the delegates, finding out where this man was from, and inquiring about the prospectus for corn in another's home neighborhood, and then someone put a hand on his shoulder, and turning around he found Norris beside him.

"I want to talk to you a minute," said the latter, and the two edged off to the side of the crowd.

"I want you to keep an eye on Doolittle. He has come here in my interest, as we are given to understand, but he may change his mind if he finds it worth while; and if he does I want to know it."

"Doolittle's too tricky for me, but I'll watch him and tell you if I learn anything. What do you think the chances are?"

"Too soon to tell, but I know of several delegations whose votes will be cast for me. Of course it depends somewhat upon where the other offices go."

At this moment a man whom Stevens did not know came up, and Norris introduced him as Mr. Stone of Thayer County.

"You can say what you want to," said Norris, "Stevens is all right," but at that moment one of the home delegation took Stevens by the arm and he went off to make some new acquaintances.

The convention got together that afternoon at a little after one o'clock, but be-

fore noon Doolittle had assured Norris that everything was safe, and Stevens had satisfied himself that he had reasons for believing what he said. Moreover, it was largely through his instrumentality that affairs had been brought into so favorable a situation. He had been a politician and had made a practice of going to state conventions for so long, that he knew some member of the delegations from almost every county, and through them he was able to learn how the majority of the delegations would vote. At the first canvass it had appeared that the prospect was not wholly encouraging: the great Douglas county delegation had a candidate for the office of auditor, and he had been trying to unite his forces with those of a candidate for the nomination that Norris was seeking from Otoe County. When Doolittle heard this he smiled inwardly and hurried to find the Douglas County man at once.

"See here, Vincent," he said, "you've got to listen to me a few minutes and I'll show you where you are making a mistake. This convention ain't going to give two important offices to two adjoining counties even if they are important counties. Do you see that?" and Doolittle with one shoulder twisted around as he emphasized his words with his right hand coming down like an open knife on the open palm of the left, bent his head to look square and searchingly into the other man's face.

"I don't know, we have so much more population down—"

"That won't count with the convention; we've got to have something out our way, and the fellow that helps us get 't 'll get some help himself. And now look here, I've given you some good advice before, but I'm going to give you better now. You don't see that the Commissioner is nominated in regular course before the auditor, and if they nominate Roberts, your cake's dough. Ain't that right?" and the light of triumphant assurance gleamed in his face as he stood waiting for an answer.

"It may be, but the eastern part of the

state will want more than one office."

Doolittle hitched up both shoulders and got his hands ready for putting emphasis on his statements.

"You'll see, the convention's going to do what is best for the ticket. They'll just naturally think you ought to be strong enough to get the votes of your section for the ticket. If you aint and they have to put two men down there to be safe, they won't want you. Now this is straight business and I am talking to you like your friend. If you throw your strength to Norris, and he throws his strength to you, and he will, you'll both go in flying. After they have nominated a man from Furnas county it will be the most natural thing in the world for them to follow it up with a man from Douglas county."

Doolittle's voice had grown harder and sharper, and the suggestion of will was beginning to show in his face in the place of geniality. Vincent's looked now yielding rather than firm and was certainly troubled.

"Where's Norris?" said the latter, after thinking the matter over for a moment.

"I'll take you to him."

Vincent was about to protest that he did not want to see him for a time, but Doolittle took him by the arm and hurried him off. Taking him to a private room in the hotel he told him to wait a moment, and before he was able to decide fully what to do Norris came in.

"Doolittle tells me that perhaps we can arrange to be mutually helpful."

Vincent said that Doolittle had been talking to him but that he had not been able to get matters cleared up in his own mind as yet, and then they talked the matter over and did get things cleared up to the satisfaction of both of them in the course of ten or fifteen minutes.

Whether Norris would have secured the nomination but for this arrangement no one could say, but for the time it was enough for him that he did secure the nomination and that he would probably be elected. But that night Stevens came in and sat down beside him in the hotel lobby and somehow his face did not seem

so full of congratulatory cheer as Norris could have wished.

"You've made a great many friends in the convention," said Stevens in a matter of fact way. They talked disjointedly and briefly of incidents of the day, and when Norris had gone to his room that night he remembered only one thing that had been said. Stevens had expressed a wonder as to what Doolittle expected to get out of



"He remembered only one thing that had been said."

the thing and how. The question had suggested itself to Norris before, but he had not cared to answer it. Doolittle had assumed to be working merely for the love of the party and the people and incidentally out of good will to him, but Norris could not persuade himself to accept that explanation permanently. It was too late now to escape from the obligation, if Doolittle should look upon it that way. He remembered that his coadjutor had seemed to be more pleased over his nomination than he was himself, but perhaps that was merely the intoxication of success in having carried his scheme.

And Doolittle was elated that night over his success. He went around among the delegates with a hearty laugh for every

one and a word of exultant comradeship for this one or that one with whom it seemed wise for him to be especially friendly.

"Well, how are you getting along, Rogers?" he said to one of them, slapping the man whom he addressed on the back as he sat down beside him.

"Business is pretty dull. I'm getting along with one clerk now, but I'm expecting every session of the legislature to pass a more stringent law that 'll compel me to put a high-priced pharmacist behind the counter. I'll just throw up then," and he flicked the ashes from his cigar with a slow motion, looking thoughtfully straight before him. "Don't worry about that, if such a bill should come up there'd be nobody particularly interested in pushing it, and I could take two thousand dollars and persuade every member of the legislature on the grounds that there wasn't any need of such legislation at all. Two thousand dollars wouldn't be very hard to raise either."

"Yes, but you'd have to raise it among the small fry like me. The druggists that employ two or three clerks anyway would be going down in their pockets to help crowd us out. The thing would be against us from the start."

"Not this year. We're going to have a populist legislature at Lincoln this year, and don't you forget it. They're going to look after the people, too, and let the fellows with money look after themselves."

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," said Rogers, the shadow of a smile about his lips as he took a long puff at his cigar.

"Yes," Doolittle went on, "it would not be a hard matter. I wouldn't have to buy anybody, either. The average man will always return a favor, if you keep after him about it, and with two thousand dollars to spend a man can show a good many favors to a good many men. A man don't have to handle a whole legislature to defeat a bill, either."

"No," said Rogers, tossing away his cigar and taking one Doolittle had ready for him; "you bet it don't. They'll always

divide up about even for the sake of fighting, and then a little bit of subtraction and addition does it."

"But didn't I do a good job of that this morning!" leaning forward with a vigorous smile of triumphant self-content, "Norris would never have had the nomination but for me," and he proceeded to explain to Rogers, as he did to every listener whom he thought he ought to interest in the story, how he had managed to get Norris and Vincent to combine their strength, the only thing, as he explained at length, that had enabled either of them to get the nomination. If the nominations were bad ones he was to blame, and if they were good the party could thank him.

III.

After his election Norris was not kept long in doubt as to the nature of Doolittle's aspirations. He had gone to his office the Monday evening following the election and was busy with some papers in a case that he was trying to put in a little better shape before turning it over to another lawyer, when Doolittle came in. A sudden apprehension dulled the cordiality with which Norris tried to greet him, but he put out his hand and told him to take a seat with the best show of comradeship he could muster.

"I'll be through in a moment," and Doolittle took up a paper and did his best to be satisfied with that. Presently Norris pushed his ink and papers back and looked up with a smile.

"It's going to keep me pretty busy getting things straightened up before the first," he said.

"Yes," said Doolittle, tilting his chair back against the wall; "are you going to give up your private law business entirely?"

"I haven't had time to think about that yet," said Norris, adding lightly, as he took an easier position in his chair, "You haven't any prospective business for me, have you?"

"No, not exactly, and yet I'm counting on you to help me out on the little deal I want to work."

"And what is that?" asked Norris, hop-

ing he didn't look by a long ways as troubled as he felt.

"It seems to me that I ought to stand a good show for getting a place as one of the secretaries to the State Board of Transportation. It's a good place, and it's due to me. I've done a lot of work for the party here in Nebraska, and they haven't paid me with anything worth while, yet."

"No," said Norris, tapping his desk with his pencil and raising his eyes to Doolittle's face for an instant only.

"I'm actually money out of pocket, for the sake of the party. I don't know a man that's done more and given up more than I have, and now that we've got everything our own way I expect to be remembered. Of course you'll do what you can for me? You'll have one vote on the Board and some influence in addition to that."

"I haven't thought anything about it," said Norris, tapping the desk again and looking alternately at Doolittle and at the smudgy lamp in the bracket near him. "I haven't any idea what other applicants there will be or even whether there'll be a vacancy. You get things in shape to show that you're the right man for the place and I'll see what can be done for you."

Doolittle had straightened up when Norris began speaking, startled by his doubtful tone, and when he had finished, leaning forward in the menacingly persuasive attitude characteristic of him, he began going over his claims for the place.

"You couldn't put in a man that would have the confidence of the railroads and the people more thoroughly. You know that as well as I do, and you're not going to forget that I got your nomination for you. I went up there and spent my own money and I've been working for you ever since. I can't afford to do these things for nothing, and of course I know you don't want me to. If you'll say you'll do all you can for me, that's all I want. If you take hold in earnest, I'll get the place."

"I shan't forget you, you can be sure of

that, but I can't make any definite promise until I know something about the situation. That's no more than fair, you know, Doolittle."

Doolittle stayed an hour longer, but he got no stronger assurances from Norris than this, and yet all the while the latter felt that he was merely temporizing with himself. He knew very well that when the time came and he had to say definitely what he would and what he would not do, he would yield to the pressure and help Doolittle to the place he wanted, if it could be done. It was gall and wormwood to him, for he had a sincere desire to serve the interests of the people, but he did not wish to have any unfulfilled obligations to such a man as Doolittle. And yet how could he think of giving office to him? For months his cry on the stump had been, "Turn the rascals out!" and should he now put a rascal in? But the absurdity of the situation could not make him smile even in his thought. It was too terribly real and whichever way he turned it he did not see how he could possibly be true to both obligations, his obligation to Doolittle and his obligation to the people.

But Doolittle had friends, boon companions of the gaming table and the saloon, who took it upon themselves to help out in the solution of the difficulty. Doolittle met one of them, John Delaney, the day after his interview with Norris.

"Have you found out what Norris is going to do for you?" asked Delaney.

"No."

"He's going to do something, ain't he?"

"You're just right he is, he couldn't help it if he wanted to. If he should try to go back on me now, I would make things so hot for him that those long whiskers of his would be singed to crisp clear to the roots."

Doolittle's eyes blazed, and the smile on his face was rather of prospective triumph than present content.

"That's right; don't let him play the fine-haired gentleman on you. That's too thin."

The next day Delaney casually dropped in for a short chat with Norris. He

talked over the weather and local affairs, politics and the new store keeper, and at last by dint of word now and then he had made Norris know that he understood or expected that Doolittle was to be one of the secretaries of the State Board of Transportation. And every few days after that some friend of Doolittle's dropped in to talk about that shrewd rascal's prospective preferment. At first Norris adopted a non-committal manner and talked as though he knew less about the matter than his interlocuter, but this way of treating the subject did not last long. He dropped gradually into accepting the other man's point of view, and almost before he knew it he had given up his own inward protests against the state of affairs, and found himself busied occasionally with thoughts of ways and means towards the accomplishment of Doolittle's ambitions.

As it happened, the other members of the Board either knew Doolittle well or knew of him, and being under no obligations to him, while they were under obligations to other men of less doubtful character, the vacancies on the Board of Secretaries were filled without much regard to Doolittle's feelings. When that had been done, however, a place was finally found for him as Assistant Superintendent of the Boys' Reform School, and with this he was fain to be content.

But the day following the appointment Norris got a letter from one of his constituents and personal friends out in Furnas County, and though the dignity of his office was yet new to him that little note made the pleasure of it a worse than joyless thing.

"It is currently reported," ran the letter, "that you are to help Doolittle to a state office of some kind, and while my confidence in your manhood does not permit me to believe it, I do want to urge you to see to it as far as you can that the governor or any other public official concerned, is informed as to Doolittle's general character. I believe we have elected a number of upright and capable officials this year and it will help the party

mightily, but if they make mistakes and appoint men like Doolittle to office, the other things they do will not count for much, however wise they are."

This was not all of the letter, which was a long one, but, it was all that Norris was able to remember.

The next week the Eustis Herald, an opposition paper, had a brief note stating that for many reasons, people would be glad to know that Mr. Jacob Doolittle and family had moved to Kearney, where he had in some way not as yet understood, secured the position of Assistant Superintendent in the Industrial School. Whether the leaders of the Populist party, believing that his abilities needed only the strengthening of character to make him invaluable, had decided to try the influence of a short residence at that well known resort, or had been influenced by less charitable motives, was a thing that the editor declined to discuss until the receipt of fuller information. Norris read this and turned white and red and white again, and when no one was looking put the paper furtively in his pocket, lest the item should fall under the eye of some subordinate.

IV.

One sunny morning late in April, Lawyer Hatch was hoeing a few moments in his garden before going to the office when Reuben Spurling, on his way down town, stopped and leaned over the garden fence. Hatch did not see him at once, but he looked up when Spurling called out:

"You'd better have weeds than nothing in your garden."

"I won't have weeds anyway. Along in August or September you'll want to come over here and pick some of my melons."

"I see the Populists are doing a little weeding out, too."

"How's that?"

"Doolittle's coming back, they tell me."

"Good," said Hatch, chopping down a weed with his hoe; "and yet I don't know that we are particularly anxious to see him again. How did it happen?"

"I don't know much about it," and

Spurling leaned over the fence a little farther in an easy attitude; "but the man Fink that they put in at the head of the institution is a pretty nice man, as far as I can make out. Murdock tells me that he is well educated and a gentleman and that his wife is a cultured and refined lady, and when Mrs. Doolittle went down there, there was oil and water in great shape."

"But they didn't have to have anything to do with each other socially?"

"They had to live in the same building and eat at the same table, I understand. At any rate there was trouble at once. Doolittle says that the Finks are 'stuck up' and altogether too fine for this world, and the Finks say that the Doolittle are simply too coarse and too ignorant for anything."

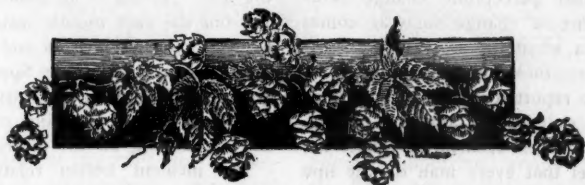
"Well, now I sympathize with the Finks," said Hatch, as he lifted his hoe and began cleaning it off with a stick of wood. "And Norris must have sympathized with them, too," he added.

"Norris was mighty glad to have a reasonable excuse for 'letting him out,' I take it. They didn't wait very long to settle the affair, at least, and Murdock told me that he had it straight that Norris made only the barest pretence of attempting to justify Doolittle. Of course he couldn't go back on him without some-

thing like an investigation, but Norris was really pleased, they say, when the facts all pointed one way."

Hatch though differing with Norris in politics had been in partnership with him in the law business at one time, and they had always been close friends, and Spurling had hoped that he would get a little information from the astute attorney. Hatch had but recently returned from a trip to Lincoln, but, nevertheless he seemed to know nothing about the matter, and Spurling went on down town never dreaming that the shadow of a smile on Hatch's face had any other cause than his amusement at the turn affairs had taken. Hatch was discretion itself, as Norris knew, and so when he had gone in and asked him how Doolittle was getting along, Norris had not hesitated to say, a sudden glow of hopeful laughter in his eyes, "He's pleasing me immensely. At the present rate we will be able to have him off our hands in the course of ten days."

And only a few days later Doolittle and his wife and the two children came slinking home on a night train, and stealing out of the hotel early the next morning before people were about they began getting the old house ready for their inhabiting again.



THE WRECK AT MANORVILLE

By Charles W. Reamer

WHEN Speddy came on duty at midnight I always felt glad, and so, I imagine, did the other boys who worked on the "Upper End." Jennings, who manipulated the "train wire" from 4 p. m. until 12 when Speddy relieved him, was heartily detested by every man on the line; and this was not without reason. He was one of those self-sufficient, egotistical men who incur the dislike of all with whom they come in contact; and he was the man who gave the "Upper End" a bad name among the operators. During the eight hours that Jennings was on duty the "train wire" never was silent. No matter how light was the run, or how smoothly trains were moving, this "string" was busy; and when an accident occurred, or the through express trains were late, or any other contingency arose which required the issuing of an unusual number of orders, the boys who regularly worked with Jennings made no attempt to report trains, but waited until he "called." Strangers on the "Upper End" always had this trick to learn, and in learning it they sometimes created considerable friction.

When Speddy took the chair at midnight a most perceptible change came over the wire—a change such as comes over the sea when the storm abates. At once matters took on a steadier tone. Trains were reported promptly; questions were heard quietly and answered civilly, and the wire itself seemed to reflect the sigh of relief that every man on the line uttered. Speddy never was "rushed." And yet no one was ever heard to say that trains moved over the "Upper End" less smoothly after midnight than before.

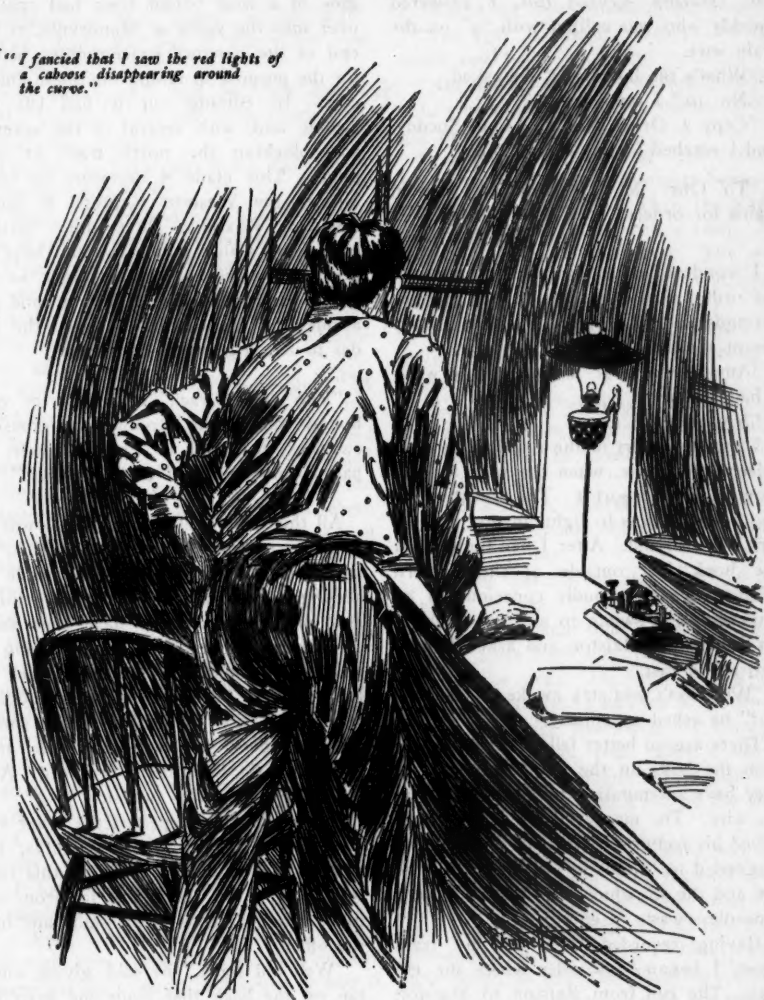
This was one reason why I always rejoiced when I heard Speddy take hold of the key at midnight, but it was not the only one. Between him and me there

were stronger ties than those that spring merely from congenial relations on the wire. That, however, is another story. It is sufficient to say that two years before, Speddy and I had chanced, in the course of our wanderings, to strike the "Upper End" together. Being at the time somewhat down on our luck, we were glad to accept night jobs at obscure block towers in the mountains. Speddy did not remain in obscurity long. Not only was he a brilliant telegrapher, but he had a mind of singular clearness and activity; and no matter what emergency arose, he was the man for that minute and that particular emergency. His peculiar ability soon came to be recognized. After several months' service he was removed from the little block office to which he had been assigned, and placed in the office of the superintendent of the division. There his advancement to the "train wire" followed soon after, and it was whispered that there were in store for him still higher honors.

As for myself, being an ordinary plodder only, and lacking all the characteristics that made Speddy's success assured, I continued to be one of the "boys along the line," though at an important station. But one day each month, instead of going to bed I boarded a train and went to the division terminus. There Speddy met me. When evening came I returned to duty, to fight sleep in dreaming over the past and speculating on the future.

The incident herein related occurred one night after my return from one of these flying trips to see Speddy. During the evening there had been a heavier movement of freight than usual but after No. 10 had passed at 11.50 there was a lull, which is a bad thing when a man's sleepy. Well, I "dropped off," even while I was telling myself that I was wide

"I fancied that I saw the red lights of a caboose disappearing around the curve."



awake, and dreamed that Speddy had become President of the road and had appointed me Superintendent. We were going over the line in his private car when something aroused me. I jumped up with that guilty feeling that a fellow has when he has been asleep on duty, and looked at the clock. The hands pointed to 12.20. Then I looked up and down the track, and for the fleeting part of a minute

I fancied that I saw the red lights of a caboose disappearing around the curve to the East; but a glance at the lever by which the signal was operated showed me that the latter was red; and who ever heard of an engineer in his right mind running past a red target? Being thus reassured, I settled down to business and called up Purdon, the next tower east, for a report of No. 10, which I had failed to

get. Having secured this, I answered Speddy who was calling with "g" on the train wire.

"What's the last East?" he asked.

"No. 10," I replied.

"Copy 2, Order No. 2," began Speddy, and I reached for my order book.

"To Opr. 'M. J.'—Hold east bound trains for orders.

31.

H. W. K.

I wondered what was up as I repeated the order, signed my name to it, and got "complete." A "hold" order usually meant something.

"Any sine of 176?" asked Speddy when I had finished.

"No sine."

I had no report of the 176, having been asleep, I suppose, when the man at Ralston called to report it. The first thing to do, however, was to light up my red lantern, which I did. After I had hung it on the hook just outside of the western window, where, proudly conscious of its importance, it swung to and fro, I called up the man at Ralston and asked him to "go ahead east."

"Why don't you stay awake and answer up?" he asked snappishly.

There are no better fellows in the world than the boys on the "Upper End," but they have a reputation for "meanness" on the wire. The man at Ralston having relieved his feelings by this bit of invective, proceeded to "shoot in" the report of the 176 and the 28, which was following, with a needless waste of energy.

Having recorded them on my train sheet, I began to wonder where the 176 was. The run from Ralston to Marston Junction was about twenty minutes, whereas twenty-five minutes had elapsed since the train had left Ralston. The red lights which I had fancied I had seen disappear as I awoke returned to haunt me; but just then I heard the 176 calling loudly for "brakes," having caught sight of my red lantern.

Meanwhile, from what was passing over the wire, I had learned what the trouble was to the East. While I napped the en-

gine of a west bound train had crossed over into the yards at Manorville, at the end of the narrows sixteen miles below, for the purpose of taking out some empty cars. In coming out it had left the switch, and, with several of the empties was blocking the north track at that point. This made it necessary to cross No. 9, the Western Express, to south track at Roxbury, three miles farther east, from which point it would have to proceed on the east bound track as far west as Purdon tower, to pass around the accident at Manorville. I heard the order to No. 9 going over the wire.

"Run south track, regardless of east bound trains from Roxbury to crossing switches just west of Purdon tower, to pass around accident at Manorville."

All this was regular enough. It was in fact the ordinary method by which, in such emergencies, one track is made to accommodate traffic in both directions. And ordinarily it would have been sufficient, since my orders to allow nothing to pass East would insure a clear track to the usurper. But the most methodical regulations are ineffective when somebody blunders, just as the strongest arch falls when the keystone is removed. And so it proved on this occasion.

Just as Roxbury repeated the order and was giving Speddy the signatures, the conductor of the 176, which by this time was blowing off steam not far from my office window, came up the stairs and into the office.

"Well old sport," he said, giving me a rap on the back that made me gasp for breath, "it's about time you dropped that signal. A red lantern and a white target don't look well together."

"What are you talking about?" I replied testily. It always did rouse my fighting blood to be thumped on the back.

"Why," said the conductor, "I am talking about your signal. When we came up it was white."

"Do you see that lever?" I asked, in-

dicating with the "barrel" of my pipe. "Well, that's the way it was when you came up."

"All the same," said he, "we had a white signal. Your red lamp stopped us. What's the orders?"

"Orders to hold you, that's all."

"Well, what for?"

"Well, go and find out; and while you are at it, take a course in colors."

I suppose we would have "mixed up" if one of the brakemen had not come up just then and asked me what was wrong with my signal. I saw the conductor grin at that.

"You fellows are all color-blind," I said hotly.

Nevertheless I got up and started downstairs, the conductor and brakeman following me. We stepped out on to the platform together. Looking up to where the light was glimmering at the top of the tall pole, I could make out that the arm was in a horizontal position, indicating red; but on stepping back a few paces I saw that the red glass disc, which ought to have covered the white signal lamp when the arm was in that position, had fallen from the frame. The result was that while the position of the arm indicated red, and the lever, by which it was raised and lowered, was in its regular notch, the target, which alone governs the movement of trains after dark, was white.

I looked, or at least felt, somewhat foolish as I turned to the conductor.

"Well," I said, "you see how it is. Both of you were right and yet both of you were wrong. I'm sorry I spoke to you in that way. Come up and have a smoke. I'll have to give 'hand signals' the rest of the night."

"Oh, that's all right," he returned, with a railroader's usual good nature. He was throwing the light from his lantern here and there, and a moment later spied the missing glass in the ditch.

"Here she is," he said, picking it up and looking it over carefully. "Not a crack. Must have been jarred out, when you dropped the signal after the 176."

I looked at him quickly in surprise.

"The 176?" I asked. "You're the 176, aren't you?"

"Not much," said the conductor, coolly. "She's been ahead of us all night. We've got the 28."

We stood looking at each other questioningly. Strange thoughts began to run through my brain. Then the fearful possibility came to me with a rush. My head swam and I staggered. The conductor caught hold of my arm and steadied me.

"Why, what's the matter, Bud?" he asked. "There ain't nothing wrong is there?"

"No," I said, "nothing only No. 9 and the 176 will have to perform the hitherto impossible feat of passing each other on the same track."

I saw his face, covered as it was by dirt of the road, change color, and he smiled in a ghastly way.

"Maybe Purdon can stop 'em," he suggested, at last.

It was the spur that I needed, and I sprang away from him, through the door and up the steps. He came puffing after me. In a moment I had my finger on the key. The wire was open. I tried the train wire. Open, too! Then I noticed what in my excitement, had escaped me before. There was not a tick in the office. Every wire was open.

I jumped to the switchboard and tried the "ground" on one wire, then on another and another. All were open east. And I thought I knew why. With two trains, regardless of each other, rushing through the night in opposite directions, and on the same track, there can be but one natural and probable sequence.

The conductor was watching my every movement eagerly.

"What's the matter?" he queried, anxiously. "Can't you raise him?"

"Wires all open East," I said.

"That settles it. They've piled 'em up as high as the poles."

It certainly looked that way, the break in communications with the East lending strength to the presumption. If they

were not together—well, it was only a question of minutes until they would be; for there appeared to be no way of apprising either train of the danger.

I was decidedly rattled, but with the aid of my pipe, I managed to steady my nerves sufficiently to "ground" the train wire East and call up Speddy.

"All wires open East," I said. "Engine 176 got past me some way. Must have passed about 12.30—before I got your order."

It was unnecessary to say more. The wire opened for an instant and I knew that Speddy's quick perception had led him to the only logical conclusion.

Then the wire closed and I listened to the dots and dashes, sharper and cleaner than usual, that followed, without a trace of hesitancy or indecision, on the heels of my startling statement.

"Is 28 there?"

"Yes."

"To C. & E. Eng. 28, M. J.—No 9 with orders to run south track from Roxbury to Purdon passed Roxbury at 12.30; Eng. 176 East with stock to water at Purdon, passed 'M. J.' about 12.20 without orders. With empty engine 28 run south track from 'M. J.' to Purdon and north track from Purdon to Manorville or until you overtake Eng. 176 and meet No. 9. Return at once and report.

"H. W. K."

And this came rattling after it:

"To H. L. C., M. J.—Call out wreck force and be ready to proceed to scene of accident between Purdon and Manorville. Have an Opr. ready to go along.

"H. W. K."

The excitement then commenced in earnest. The first message I handed to the conductor who took it and ran down stairs and up the track to the engine. Old Sam Gusher, who was running the 28 that night had just made the round of his oil cups when the conductor rushed up to him with the order. I saw him hold the crumpled bit of paper up to his

torch and read it. Then blowing out his torch he hurriedly climbed into his cab, while the conductor ran to the rear of the tender to remove the pin. And then unable longer to sit still, I ran down the steps and out onto the platform, where I stood shaking while the old 28 prepared to start on the strangest trip of her career. As she stood for a moment, quivering and impatient like a race horse waiting for the signal to go, I ran over and climbed up behind old Sam.

"You're not going along, Bud?" asked the old man.

"No," I said, "only do your best to catch the 176, and report. And say!" I cried, as old Sam laid his hand on the throttle, "tell that puddin' head at Purdon to put his ground wire on East."

Then I climbed down, while the old man pulled his cap over his eyes and gave a jerk at the throttle; and with a variety of emotions surging within me, I watched the old 28 bound forward, down the stretch of straight line and around the curve to the east.

Having seen the first relief expedition properly started, I prepared to call out the second. After telephoning the yardmaster, who always went out in charge of the wrecking crew, I rang the call bells which summoned the wreckers. Before I had finished ringing the third and last circuit I could see, on the hillside above the office, where most of the railroaders resided, lights suddenly spring up in hitherto dark windows, and dark shadows flitting about within. Soon after a straggling stream of lanterns, bobbing up and down in the hands of hurrying men, told me that the wreckers were assembling.

When I had reported progress to Speddy, I took off my "ground" and waited to hear from Purdon, for I assumed that the "break" was east of there. And it was. Five minutes after old Sam had pulled away from the tower at Marston, there was a click on the wire. I knew it was Purdon trying his "ground," and I waited expectantly. In a moment I heard him report to Speddy, that Eng.

28 had arrived, crossed over and departed in pursuit of the 176, the latter having left there ten minutes before.

"Well," said Speddy to me, "they may be together now, but they couldn't have been when the wires went down."

Meanwhile a motley throng had invaded the tower anxious to hear what had happened and what was going to happen. There was the yardmaster, cool and collected, stolidly pulling at a cigar; the doctors, carrying their suggestive cases and looking slightly pale; the day man, with his box relay, ready to open communications the minute the wreckers reached the scene of the accident; and a dozen or more others who had no particular business on hand but whose curiosity had to be satisfied. Outside, an engine with steam up, and coupled to a derrick, a tool car and half a dozen trucks, was ready to start as soon as the word was given.

The first news came, as I said before, from Purdon, when he reported the arrival and departure of Eng. 28. Up until that time I had hoped, and I daresay Speddy had hoped, that the operator there might have heard the order to No. 9 going over the wire, and held the 176. That hope was now gone. Accordingly Speddy ordered the wreckers to proceed to Purdon, that they might be that much nearer the scene when wanted.

It was with a sense of relief that I watched them pull away from the station, for the stir and bustle occasioned by the crowd threatened to take from me what little nerve I had left.

Left alone I had ample time to turn matters over in my mind, and speculate on what the outcome of the night's work was going to be, and how I would be affected by it. I felt that fortune had not dealt with me squarely; for a like combination of unfortuitous circumstances would not be likely to happen again in a hundred years. Of all times, why did I

fall asleep; why had the signal played me false; why had No. 9 been sent up South track, at that particular time?

The clock indicated that it was twenty-three minutes, though I would have sworn it was as many hours, before further news was forthcoming. It came, as before, from Purdon.

"There's something coming up North track," he reported to Speddy. Then a moment later, "It's Eng. 28."

Craving, yet fearing, to hear the next word, I leaned out of the open window and let the night breeze cool my temples. Then the instrument began ticking again:

"Eng. 28 here; says that Eng. 46 West, in trying to put derailed cars on track at Manorville, wrecked two more cars, blocking both tracks and knocking down telegraph pole and wires. No. 9 held East of accident. Eng. 176 stopped half a mile west of 'Mv.' tower. Send wreckers down North track."

That was all; but it was enough.

Ten minutes later the old 28 was panting like a tired dog outside of my office window, while the conductor was telling me, in a profanely realistic way, of the run of the 28 to Manorville. It made a pretty wild tale, but I have heard it since from the mouths of other men who saw the old Jack at one period or another that night, and I don't believe he stretched it a bit. It is one of the stories they tell in the towers on the "Upper End" when the through express trains are late.

I thought that was all, but there is just one thing more. When I telegraphed my resignation to the Superintendent that same morning, Speddy copied the message.

"All right," he said, "where shall we pull for?"

"We?" I queried, not understanding.

"Why, of course," said he; "with you and me it's always 'we.'"



A WIDOW, A MAID, AND TWO OR THREE MEN

By Ina Wright Hanson

THE Widow and I wanted a vacation. She said that Little Bug was a charming place, and that we should go there. My aesthetic taste elevated its nose at the name, but notwithstanding, she inveigled an honest, old-fashioned slip of a boy into taking us to the spot.

It is thirty miles of as rough road as one would wish to see, or feel. The roughness was emphasized by the Widow's driving, in which she persisted till she nearly tipped us down the bank at our left; and, trying to right herself, ran against a huge boulder at our right; then she gracefully relinquished the lines, and said that she didn't care about driving, anyway.

My eyes were roaming round, seeking what they might devour, in the way of people and places to be assimilated into stories, but the Widow had locked her work-thoughts into her typewriter, and she talked incessantly.

"See that place way over there?" she asked. "That is dreadful. It is called Lonesome Valley; it is much larger than it seems to be, and there is no water there!" Her voice ended in a queer little shriek.

"Dreadful place," assented the Boy. "A man got drowned there, last winter."

"Drowned without any water?" I exclaimed.

The Widow looked at me scornfully; "Are you a Western girl, and don't know that a dry place in summer is often a raging torrent in winter?"

"Oh!" said I.

Then the Boy showed us the exact spot on which, only a month before, a man was murdered.

"I wouldn't come by here alone, after dark for five dollars," said he.

We phooed and pshawed, but we wouldn't, either;—not for ten.

The first person whom we saw on our arrival, was a young man whom we had met before; then, just behind, his two brothers. The Elder and the Younger merely lifted their hats, but the Other One approached.

"What are they here for?" I asked with suspicion.

"To hunt and fish, perhaps," said the Widow, demurely.

"There is a little house-tent under that tree yonder," he said, after we had shaken hands; "I had prepared it for my sisters, but as they are unable to come, I should like very much to have you occupy it."

"We thank you for your kindness, so unusual in one so young," I murmured, as we walked toward the tent; but the Widow was very cordial.

There are, perhaps, thirty campers here. A large board dining-room stands at the entrance of the canyon. A dozen, or more,—ourselves included—who are too indolent to do their own cooking, and as many men, meet here three times a day, and eat and drink under the supervision of Kee, Celestial Cook and Dish-washer. It is a Democratic camp; Kee, as often as the spirit moves him, leans against the door and joins in the conversation. He was General Grant's cook, during the latter's tour around the world, and he recognizes his own value.

The Elder has never been in love, and he doesn't like to sit with anybody in a hammock. If the Widow doesn't teach him both during our stay, his case is hopeless. The Widow is French, black-eyed, and charming.

The Younger is only a boy. He adds to our comfort by making himself generally useful.

The Other One, well, he is just the Other One.

One evening, we were talking about

lies. The Other One had remarked that liars should have two qualities, and observe one thing.

"What are they?" asked the Widow.

"He should have a good memory, believe what he tells himself, and always adhere to the truth in trifles," he answered, changing the pronoun, possibly, to fit some particular case.

"Why?" said I. "Because it is in trifles that he is most likely to betray himself?"

"That is part of it. The rest is that, if he tells the truth about trifles, he establishes a reputation for veracity."

"I can't lie successfully," said the Elder. "I always get caught. When we were youngsters, and got into scrapes, I always stammered, and crossed myself, and behaved such a fool, generally, that Mother knew that I was lying."

"I despise a liar!" said the Widow with vehemence. "I think more of a thief."

"Does that include white liars, so to speak?" meaningly inquired the Other One.

The Widow blushed a little, and we laughed.

You see, that afternoon, some young men from town (the town is just above us, and contains three buildings, I believe), came down to ask us to dance. The Widow said the state of her head would not permit her to accept. We had not noticed that she had been in pain, nor did we afterwards.

"What is your opinion of lies and liars?" I asked the Younger, who came up just then, with some fresh water. He set the bucket carefully on the step, then,—

"I decline to answer, for I am somewhat implicated, myself."

The Other One ended the discussion, as he usually did.

"David said in his haste, 'All men are liars.' I say it at my leisure."

I do not like anyone who is so cynical, and I told the Widow so, after they had



"At the fourth board he stooped for a pin"

gone. She said that I judged him too harshly, but she doesn't know him any better than I do.

One day, we climbed a mountain, back of the camp. The Younger thought that he had discovered a gold-mine, and no powers of earth could draw him away from his diggings, so only the other two went with us.

Twelve o'clock found us sitting miserably under a scraggly tree, whose sparse foliage did not prevent the rain from soaking into our clothes, and dropping spitefully upon our bread and cheese.

"I didn't suppose it would rain," I said for the fourth time.

"Who cares?" asked the Widow.

She didn't of course. I wouldn't, either, if rain made little curls around my

face, bright spots in my cheeks, and a beautiful glow in my eyes.

The Elder looked at her admiringly. He even tried to compliment her, but his efforts in that direction were so clumsy, that I giggled, and he gave up, covered by confusion.

"Who is your favorite author?" asked the Other One, looking at the Widow.

"Well, I don't know," she meditated, "unless it is the writer of 'Gold Elsie;' I am very fond of those German translations."

"And yours?" he said to me.

"My choice changes with every moon; at present, it is Anthony Hope. What a delightful lover Anthony Hope would make; I wish he were mine."

"You are truly modest," murmured the Widow.

"For pure bravado, for reckless dash and daring, give me Dumas; but Charles Dickens is the king of writers," went on the Other One. "You cannot find a type of character which he has not depicted. For personified depravity, take Bill Sykes;—for devotion, personified, poor Nancy. When I see a cringing, crawling piece of humanity, apologizing for being alive, I think of Uriah Heep."

"I am thinking," said I, "of a pure-souled woman, and of another, as weak and shallow, as the first is wise and strong."

"Agnes and Dora in 'David Copperfield,'" he answered, promptly. "What do you read books for, anyway?"

"It's according to circumstances," I answered, for the Widow and the Elder seemed to have forgotten us. "Generally, though, I read them to see if he married her, and if she brought his slippers to him when he came home from the office; or if cruel Fate tore them asunder an hour before the wedding."

He looked at me, as I knew he would,—contemptuously; "I shouldn't trouble to wade through five-hundred pages for that," he answered.

I told the Widow that the Other One had a very exalted opinion of himself; and that he asked for our ideas, just for a

chance to air his own. She smiled airily.

"Well, they are usually worth bringing into the sunlight, aren't they?" was all she said.

"We shall watch the tiny glimmer of their candle no more, as they walk over the stepping-stones, and up the hill," she mused, as we woke, one morning.

"Why?" I asked, sleepily.

"Because the Elder is going to make a bridge across the stream. The shower, yesterday, set him to thinking, he said. If a hard rain should come, the water would rise so rapidly that we should not be able to cross to the dining-room."

When we opened our door, and stepped out into the fragrant morning, we were astonished to see a bridge, white and shining; evidently, the Elder had gotten some help and had worked while we slept.

"Look here!" I exclaimed, as we stepped on the virgin boards.

"Where?" asked the Widow.

"Here, on the hand-rail; read this;—'Steep regions cannot be surmounted save by winding paths,' and over it your face, done in charcoal."

"Well, look on this side. Here is a remarkably good likeness of you," she rejoined. "And your verse is as bad as mine,—'None I love better than myself.'"

"I don't think yours is bad," I said wonderingly. "It's true."

"Well, isn't yours?" she answered, a bit crossly, I thought. "The Other One did that; I'll pay him off!"

And I agreed to it, though I couldn't see why she should be angry.

That afternoon, while the male population were away hunting game, and the female part, hunting ferns, the Widow and I hid ourselves to the bridge. After an hour's work, and three bruised fingers apiece, we straightened our cramped limbs.

"You don't think there is any danger, do you?" I asked doubtfully.

"Danger? Nonsense! I'll wager, though that he makes himself ridiculous. Now, we must be dressed for dinner, and on the other side, so that no one will have an excuse for crossing."

As we rose from the dinner table, she said sweetly, to the Elder:

"I received some interesting kodak views, to-day. If you and your brothers will come over now, you will be able to see them at good advantage."

Of course they complied, and we strolled toward the stream.

She had arranged that she should take charge of the Elder and the Younger, and cross with them on the stepping-stones, while I should see that the Other One walked over on the bridge.

The plan was working well. As they reached the tent, the Other One stepped upon the bridge, but at that moment, he heard his name called.

"O bother that man!" and he turned back. "Don't wait; I will be over as soon as I get rid of him."

I could see the Widow's frown even that far, but somehow, I didn't feel sorry. He might cross on the stones when he returned.

Some thirty minutes later, I was aroused from a reverie, by the Widow's voice,—

"My dear, won't you run down to the bridge, and ask our friend to bring me those poppies at the further end? It is an exquisite cluster."

Then I saw that the Other One was coming across by way of the stepping-stones. I hesitated a moment before running down and delivering her message. He turned back, picked the flowers, and, of course, came back on the bridge. I knew the Widow was smiling, but—

"The third board from the last," I ventured. Then,—"*What a beautiful sky!*" pointing to the west.

"It is, indeed," he answered.

Had he understood my half whispered words? I dare not say more. At the fourth board, he stooped for a pin.

"Many a man has become famous by picking up every pin he found," he began. "Why, Christopher! Look here! This board is broken. Had it not been for that pin, I might have had a watery grave; or have ruined the Widow's poppies, any-

way. Here," calling to the Younger, "will you take these emblems of beauty to the tent, while I get a new board? Come with me, Little One."

When one gets to be twenty-eight, she likes to be called Little One. I thought the Widow would be angry, but when we finally got back to the tent, we found her singing softly in her hammock, the moonlight shining on her hair, and the Elder sitting by her.

* * *

"Good night" has been said for the last time on our little tent-porch. We sighed a little as we closed the door, and began taking down our hair.

"How many proposals have you had?" the Widow asked abruptly.

She gave the word a certain intonation which showed clearly that she meant marriage proposals.

"Seven," was my prompt reply.

"Don't you think you had better stop at seven?" she inquired carefully; "seven you know, is a lucky number."

"I should hardly like to do that," I answered. "Because, you see, those were not accepted, and I did not intend to reject the very last one."

"Why did you refuse them all?" she asked, as she unlaced her shoes. It wasn't like the Widow to ask questions.

"Oh, they were all so commonplace," I said, wearily.

"The men—or what?"

"The men, the surroundings, and their manner of asking. The first one wrote a letter; I have it somewhere, I suppose."

I spoke carelessly, but I presume the Widow, being a woman, knew that I had not lost that letter.

"One was on a moonlight walk, the others at the seashore, and mountains." I went on.

"Seashore and mountains are romantic enough," she responded, as she lathered cucumber cream on her nose.

"Yes, but if I ever accept an offer, it must be given in an unusual manner, and in an unusual place," I answered, as my head touched the pillow.

"I rather prefer the commonplace," she

said, and I saw her smile as she snuffed the candle.

To-day,—our last day, we went down into the Yum Yum mine. The Other One went first to arrange the traps, as the mine is not being worked now; and I was to go, next. He said that it was absolutely unsafe for more than one to go in the bucket at once; and on no account, was I to allow anyone to accompany me.

"How is it then that half a dozen miners go together?" asked the Elder.

"Well, that's different," he answered, as he swung off.

When the bucket came back, and I was lifted in, I sat there with a calm exterior, but inwardly, I was in an agony of fear. The bucket went down, down, down! Occasionally, drops of water from somewhere splashed on me, and the stillness was awful! I felt an insane desire to scream, to beat my hands against the slimy walls, to throw myself out—and yet, I was too terrified to move a muscle. It seemed an age before I heard the Other One's welcome voice.

"Were you frightened?" he asked, as he helped me out.

"Not a bit," I answered promptly.

"Brave little girl," he remarked, dryly.

He signalled for the bucket to be drawn up, then he set down the candles.

"Come over here," he said.

"I won't," I answered. "I am going to stand right here."

"Are you?" calmly. "The bucket will come down on top of your head. I guess

the others won't care about mine-exploration, then."

I was afraid to go the other way, it was so dark; so I went over. He folded his arms and looked at me, the candles making queer shadows on his face.

"I am not going to ask you to marry me—"

"Don't!" I said.

"Because,—" the bucket was nearer than he thought; he helped the Widow out, the others followed; he led the way, calling attention to the beauties of the different ores. Occasionally, we held our candles aloft, to admire the blues and greens of a "peacock" ledge; then, we would see, shining before us, "fool's gold," reminding us of the days when men went mad over its false glitter.

I wondered why I did not feel enthusiastic as I generally did. I had intended to observe carefully, for I wanted a mine incident in my next story; but I felt as if I could never write again.

"Something wrong with my liver, I guess," I said to myself as we filed back to the entrance. I tried to go first, but I was prevented, I didn't want him to speak to me, again! Conceited—! Oh!—As if I should have married him if he had asked me!

"Because," he went on as if there had been no interruption, "I will not risk a refusal, but I mean to marry you, and as a reminder, will you wear this?"

"I don't love you," I answered, firmly, "But—I do love diamonds."





Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

EVENTS move swiftly now-a-days and at Washington each month brings forth some tremendous and trying problem. The ominous war clouds in China had ended their first fierce outbreak and the situation was clearing under the soothing observation of veteran diplomats, when the whole country was shaken by the tidings of the Galveston horror; the crowning tragedy of the nineteenth century.

At the first tidings of this sudden and overwhelming calamity, and before the country began to comprehend the full horror and devastation involved, the war department proved its value in peace as well as in war, and was prompt to furnish succor and aid to tens of thousands of homeless people. It is not altogether for the purposes of conquest or defense that an American war department exists. How much credit is due to the war department, and to the state government of Texas, in grappling with the situation at Galveston, and in furnishing timely and urgent relief, saving hundreds and thousands of lives, is known only to the people of the ill-fated Gulf city. The restoration of order out of chaos, and the prompt provisions of tents and rations for the homeless by the war department, will not stimulate a feeling against "militarism" from that quarter.

Another feature of the Galveston tragedy, noticed at Washington, was the unusual tenderness and humanity embodied in the dispatches of sympathy and relief, which, indeed, went somewhat beyond the usual formalities in such cases. This was

not only remarked in the dispatches between Americans and Americans—northerner and southerner—but even the formal regrets of foreign nations had a warm-blooded human sympathy, which gave an unusual fervor to the formalities of diplomacy. The world at large, as viewed from the diplomatic standpoint at Washington during the past few years, appears to respect and regard this nation very differently than it did four years ago. There is an interest in American affairs far reaching and world-wide. This fact is a significant one to the student of current history.

* * *

The triumph of the age is the taking of the census of 1900. The population is now counted to the number of 50,000,000, and is still being canvassed at the rate of 1,500,000 per day. A complete record of every individual in the United States is inscribed on a card on file at the census department, and a stroke of a collating machine records accurately the twenty-four facts known about each individual inhabitant, as well as all the important collateral information. Director Merriam remains close to his work, keeping in touch with its progress, and is enthusiastic over the results. The electric counting machines have even surpassed the predictions of the inventor, Mr. Sholleway, and each records 1200 names instead of 800 per hour. Inquiries have been received from the British government concerning the methods of taking the American census, because it has never been able to secure

such comprehensive data, or even as complete a count of population, in ten years of continuous work as the American system has secured in twelve months. With twenty-four potential facts concerning each individual accessible, the sociological and psychological problems of the

JULIA ARTHUR



present time, growing out of the assimilation of large masses of foreigners with the American people, becomes a fascinating study.

With all these basic facts at hand, accurately classed and indispensable to a complete understanding of actual conditions, the solution of vexed questions will be more readily discerned and attained. The census of 1900 will undoubtedly result in the establishment of a permanent bureau, which will be an invaluable auxiliary to every department of the government, to which the possession of statistical facts is of vital importance.

* * *

In order to keep pace with the times, I indulged while in Washington in a ride in one of the Baltimore & Ohio automobiles. This enterprising railroad is the

first in the world to introduce this up-to-date service. The carriages are dreams of luxury inside, and the ease with which they dash ahead, slow down, stop and dart around corners, is almost incomprehensible. The automobile is now permanently established in Washington, where it is almost as popular as in Paris. The asphalt-floored avenues, and the "magnificent distances" of the capital, make the automobile a necessity rather than a luxury. Whizzing along fifteen miles an hour, with "bag and baggage," housed from the rain or storm, is certainly a Washington luxury little dreamed of by Thomas Jefferson, when he hitched his saddle horse to a tree in front of the capital, on the day of his inauguration as president of the United States.

* * *

Few more comprehensive statements of the Philippine situation have been made than that of General Charles Denby, who served as minister to China under President Cleveland. He was a member of the Philippine commission and his conclusions are interesting and have been the subject of a great deal of comment at Washington as well as in all parts of the country. General Denby says: . . .

"In the course of President McKinley towards the Philippines not an act can be found which indicates that he has even intended to treat them otherwise than to secure for them the greatest measure of liberty until Congress should decide what their status was to be—as the treaty provides it shall do. He did not vacate the islands on the order of Aguinaldo. As the executive he was bound to hold them, although the land was sowed with dragons' teeth which were destined to spring up armed men.' . . .

"The land is red now with the blood of Lawton, Egbert, Stotzenberg, Logan, and many of their comrades. It has become sacred soil for us—but sentiment apart, potent as it is with patriotic people—let some one indicate what the President has done that he ought not to have done, or what he has failed to do that he ought to have done. . . .

"In January, 1899, he appointed a commission to go to the Philippines with instructions 'to secure with the least possible delay the benefits of a wise and generous protection of life and property to the inhabitants.' The commission was instructed to make every effort 'to alleviate the burden of taxation, to establish industrial and commercial prosperity, and to provide for the safety of persons and of property, by such means as may be found conducive to these ends.' . . .

"The commissioners were instructed 'to ascertain what amelioration in the condition of the inhabitants and what improvements in public order may be practicable,' and for this purpose they were directed to study attentively the existing social and political status of the various populations. In the instructions to the commission the President expressed the desire 'that in all their relations with the inhabitants of the island the commissioners exercise due respect for all the ideals, customs and institutions of the tribes which compose the population, emphasizing upon all occasions the just and beneficent intentions of the government of the United States.'

"Upon arriving at Manila the commission issued a proclamation, which was signed by the three civil members, and by Admiral Dewey, and General Otis, in which every guarantee of civil and religious freedom was offered. The proclamation stated that 'the most ample liberty of self-government will be granted to the Philippine people, which is reconcilable with the maintenance of a wise, just, stable, effective, and economical administration of public affairs, and compatible with the sovereign and international rights and obligations of the United States.' It stated that 'the civil rights of the Philippine people will be guaranteed and protected to the fullest extent, religious freedom assured, and all persons shall have an equal standing before the law.' It denounced any exploitation of the islands, and guaranteed to the people an honest and effective civil service in which to the fullest extent practicable natives should be employed. It promised reforms of education and the effective administra-

tion of justice, and it announced that 'the purpose of the American government is the welfare and advancement of the Philippine people.' . . .

"In issuing this proclamation the commission was acting under the orders and instructions of the President. There was not a hint of 'imperialism;' but on the contrary local self-government in all respects as complete as we enjoy was offered. All these good offers fell idly on the ear of Aguinaldo. He insisted on independence. The commission could not promise that, because the President, for whom it acted, had no power to give away the territory of the United States.



"For society's sake"

"Another commission was sent to establish a civil government for the Philippines. It is now at Manila.

"I am not defending the Republican party in this article, but I am defending William McKinley. He has been subjected to more abuse than any president ever was, and he has deserved it as little as any one ever did. In the most difficult period of our history he has proved himself equal to all the demands upon him. He has acted with an eye single to the good of the country.

clones and trade-wind disturbances. The anxiety is necessarily focused on the doubtful states, where political typhoons have been known to occur. Organizations are perfected every day, and the campaign cohorts and leaders are kept under control and in action, until the ballot boxes are closed and have sealed their verdict. The desperate plots and schemes which are sometimes resorted to in order to gain political ends, are almost incomprehensible to men in their sober senses. Passions and



NEW BUILDING FOR GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

The war with Spain was not of the President's seeking, but he met the issue with exalted courage. In diplomacy he displayed qualities of the highest order, and in military affairs he was remarkably successful."

* * *

During the closing months of a presidential campaign Washington is compelled to relinquish its pre-eminence as a centre of public interest. The headquarters of the great political parties are the centres of the political weather bureau service, which is watching, under high tension, for cy-

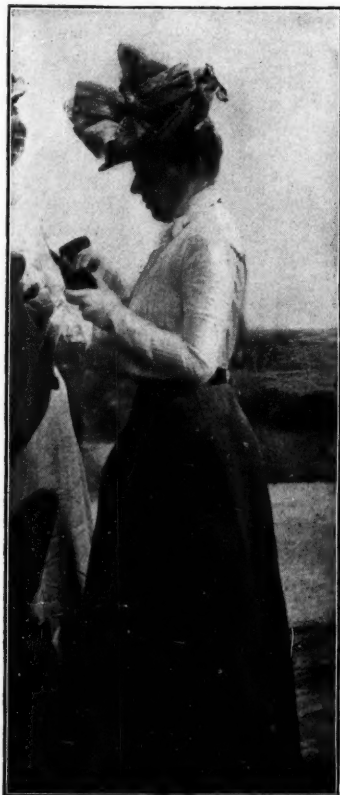
prejudices are played upon, to work up a frenzy that may even result in the loss of human life to gain political success. Troubles are fomented and discontent encouraged, but after all, the American people cannot be long deceived, and can still be trusted to settle vexed questions calmly, deliberately and justly, for the honor, dignity and intelligence of the American people was never more to be implicitly relied upon than at this time. After all is said, it is the same old history of the clash of ideas with different men and methods, that stirred the blood of our fathers in their early struggles for political supremacy.

A Sunday in New York during the summer months is about as dreary an experience as a picnic in the desert of Sahara. The usual Saturday afternoon exodus had withdrawn its myriads, and only the unfortunate were left, and I was one of them. Saturday night, at the Union League Club, I dined with Editor Sleicher of "Leslie's Weekly," first out with a Hurricane Extra. Frank A. Munsey, the Nestor of popular-priced magazines, in snowy linen and white vest, and the very incarnation of prosperous contentment, was dining alone, but later came over to condole with us on the prospect of a Sunday in New York. He had been compelled to give up a fishing trip to his old

MISS MABEL MCKINLEY, NEICE OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, WHO WAS RECENTLY MARRIED AT SOMERSET, PA.



MISS FORAKER, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO



home in Maine, where, as a barefooted boy, he angled for trout and was happy. Many others in that luxurious dining room seemed to have upon them a like apprehension of a long Sunday in New York. Returning to the hotel, there were lurid last editions of Saturday night newspapers to read, filled with red-lettered headlines and bloody tales of crime, riot, domestic tragedy, divorce and like highly-seasoned sensations. After ten minutes of such reading, one has the shivers, and wonders if there is any good in the world. It was raining outside, as if the storm were a fitting scenic setting for the prologue of a long, dreary Sunday.

* * *

An air of hopelessness seemed to hang about every person in the lobby, as morose and gloomy, with eyes glued to newspapers, they read with blase curiosity every detail of crime—blood-thirsty and deep-dyed—only to be forgotten tomorrow, in another more appalling. Suicides seemed to be multiplying and to seek out all man-

ner of novel ways of getting out of the world. Under the glare of the electric lights passed the unkempt, unshaven forms of those who were ready to give up life's struggle. In the carriages passing, surrounded with luxury, were others, tired of it all. I confess, the point of view was appalling. Again back to those newspapers, breeding an epidemic of hopelessness, full of cynical sneers at the "country-man," and all the heavenly sunlight of a simple faith in God. The air is surcharged with a flintiness of heart, and the merciless greed of a commercial cannibalism. The boisterous rounders, with a hollow mockery of laughter, pass, seeking unnam-

ALI FERROUH, TURKISH
ENVOY



able pleasures. Pleasures indeed—our great metropolis is a veritable maelstrom for the young and foolish seeking to "see the world."

Sunday morning dawns bright and cheerful. With half opened eyes after a restless night, the lonely traveller dives first for that highly colored paper with its record of crimes, divorces and risqué reading, silly "funny things" and wheezy jokes. Do not blame the newspapers—the readers demand it. There must be that diet of blood, and blight of manhood and womanhood, to deaden the ennui of a Sunday in New York.

The writing tables are filled, and ream after ream of hotel stationery is reduced to chronicle nothingness, to kill the leaden moments. Letters are written to forgotten friends and relations; anything to throw off the enervating torpor.

* * *

Up to this time the case looks hopeless. The lonesome stranger is convinced that New York is the loneliest, wickedest, and most dreary place on earth on Sunday. But some impulse growing out of the habit of younger life in the country, impels the stranger "to go to church." He is looked at with surprise by clerks and bell boys, who seldom find a patron who seriously proposes to attend religious services. Some time is taken in looking over directories to see if there is a church open on Sunday in New York. Grace Church is not far away, recalling a scene in the "O!d Homestead," and when the door of the pew is closed, in the softly shadowed light and stillness the stranger feels that here is a refuge at last. The fresh, clear voices of the boy choir bring back the real beauties of life. The devotion of the service settles upon the lonely heart like a benediction. The word of God still lives. The sermon inspires; the music is an expression of hope and upliftment. Strangers all—yes—nearly all, but worshipping one Creator.

On the street outside, the lassies of the Salvation Army, in strange bonnets, sit for hours by a kettle, suspended from a tripod, covered with netting, watching the black pot filling with pennies for the Galveston sufferers. Generous to others! yes—here is the common ground of American impulse and sympathy; churches, theatres, saloons, every possible avenue pour in their com-

"It was only an Autumn call"



mon offering for the suffering ones. This is a touch of nature that dissipates the dread forebodings of a lonely Sunday in New York. Then one understands that even in this maelstrom of crime, there is a heroic goodness, despite the environment. Without the trees, grass, the brooks and "God's own Temple," we cannot expect the true sense of proportion in life. Blessings on the railroads and steamships that carry the blase, wearied, languid people out

of New York city, even if on Sunday, to give them a breath of God's own goodness and renew their faith in nature and human nature.

* * *

In the large hotel elevator that night was a throng of drummers wearied with "laying over" a Sunday in New York. One little golden-haired girl was there also with her father. With a gallantry characteristic of Americans, everyone doffed his hat in

honor of this little miss, as if she were a queen. She lisped to her sad-faced father, as she held his hand tightly and lovingly:

"Don't I tay my prayers to you, papa—'like I used to to mamma?"

It was only a lisping sentence, but every man understood. When that heart-broken father clasped the little fair-haired angel to his arms, with a convulsive sob, and rushed out of the elevator and into his room, their turned heads revealed glistening eyes. "Touches of Nature?" Yes, they are never missing even in the masses of brick and mortar of a modern Babylon.

Many of those men, inured to the trials and hardships of life, thought of that innocent orphan that night; aye, perhaps they prayed for the motherless little one who had come upon them like a heavenly benediction in the closing hours of a Sunday in New York.

* * *

A little old man, who looks up at you in queer fashion, talks in jerks and shades his right ear as he listens, is Acting Secretary of State Adee, who has been directing State Department affairs this summer in Col. Hay's absence. Mr. Adee has had much to do with many of the momentous developments of the Chinese war and for

SCENE ON POST OFFICE STREET IN GALVESTON
AFTER THE STORM



several months he spent a part of each night at his desk to be in closer touch with possible late developments. It is not generally known that Mr. Adee, beside being an expert in diplomatic procedure, is a bicycle enthusiast of the "purest ray serene." He spends most of his leisure hours astride his wheel, pushing along city streets and country roads at an even pace and pausing before the spin is over to quench his thirst before a popular soda fountain resort. Mr. Adee is deaf and likewise near-sighted, and on this account frequently has been warned against wheeling. But undaunted, almost every evening finds him clad in bicycle togs, and his white bicycle cap is very jauntily set. He has been wheeling for years, and buys a new wheel every season. He spends his annual vacations abroad wheeling, and he belongs to an international bicycle club whose badge, with his own name inscribed, is conspicuous on his wheel.

Mr. Adee is very careful of his wheel. Its equipment is both complete and tasty, and while most wheelmen are content to carry one lamp, two lamps, one a gas and the other an ordinary oil lamp, front his bicycle.



THE MUSICAL RENAISSANCE OF NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND

By Lillian True Bryant

A MOVEMENT has recently swept over three of our New England States, touching with swift and overwhelming force the social, church, and educational life of hundreds of people, and claiming the attention of the entire musical world. Four years ago, the State of Maine had but little conception of her own latent musical possibilities. Then a master hand started a wave of harmony which rolled from the northmost town among the forests to the southern cities along the rocky coast. Orpheus with his magic wrought scarcely a greater miracle 'mid sticks and stones in mythological days than William Rogers Chapman accomplished, when putting into the hands of these people one of the most difficult as well as most dramatic of musical masterpieces, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, he gave the single, imperative command: "Sing;" and forthwith led them into a hitherto unknown world of thought and feeling.

Maine is the birthplace of this great movement, and therefore should be the first to acknowledge its growth and its value; but the harmony which began here has broadened and deepened and swept onward and outward until now New Hampshire and Vermont have joined in the great Hallelujah chorus, and the same wave of inspiration is enveloping all three of these sister states.

In order to fully understand the breadth of this undertaking, one needs to realize the diversity of tastes and surroundings in this north-east corner of our Union. Few people realize the mere territory which Maine alone covers, or the differences in the lives of its sterling but oftentimes denied people. The state is filled with sharp contrasts, and each city, each town bears a

distinct personality. Mountain and cliff and ravine stand boldly forth, shadowing soft, sunny intervaes. Miles and miles of gently undulating land sweep toward the eastern portion, broken here and there by sullen, isolated patches of woods and lonely farmhouses over which creak and turn as untiring wind-mills as ever looked down upon Holland fields. Tiny villages lie hidden among the mountains with God's woods and valleys for their inspiration, and yet stamped with a New England puritanism as rigid and direct as the slender spires that rise above their prim white churches and old-fashioned houses. Scattered along the river banks are busy, bust-

MISS LEMON



ling, crowded towns with the accompanying element of materialism which so often permeates manufacturing centres; and naturally enough, among the people of these various towns and cities lies the same diversity of thought and feeling, and taste.

There are many to who Cairo is as a familiar friend, and a trip up the Nile, a yearly occurrence. There are others whose

MRS. CHAPMAN



horizon is bounded by the hills that shut in their little village from the rest of the world, and to whom a new movement in any direction is regarded at first as an irremediable evil. While on the other hand, in these same towns are lives no less strong and individual and ambitious than those of their more fortunate brothers, but which are fettered and cramped into narrow, self-sacrificing limitations. Yet to all of these people, from those living in a musical atmosphere all their life, to others whose greatest social treat was the weekly prayer-meeting with its accompaniment of Gospel hymns in which their need of music found expression, Mr. Chapman came with this same message.

Following the precedent of the Worcester Carnival, he laid the outline of a great festival in Maine before them. It should be held for six consecutive days each October, in the two largest cities in the state, Portland and Bangor. There should be a chorus of a thousand or more voices in each city. The greatest artists in the world should be brought as soloists. Railway

fares should be reduced to half rates. Lodgings should be supplied at a very low cost by the personal efforts of a committee chosen for that purpose; and in return the people would be asked merely to sing the music which had been compiled and given to them in book form at nearly cost price. It seemed incredible. Wiseacres said it was an impossible task. Mr. Chapman had undertaken more than could be carried out, and the whole affair would be a miserable failure, if the Festival was held at all, which was extremely doubtful. But the outcome of it all is too well-known to be discussed. Suffice it to say that Ffranco Davies, one of the greatest living oratorio singers, turned to listen with the tears streaming down his face, when at the second Festival the chorus behind him poured forth wave after wave of harmony, thunderous and overpowering, in the great Baal choruses, and later melted into the tenderest melody under the wondrous magic of Mr. Chapman's baton. Nor did he hesitate to proclaim abroad the power of Mr. Chapman's genius.

But to go back a moment. A chorus

MISS TRUAX



was organized in each of the principal towns under the leadership of a local conductor. Through Mr. Chapman's efforts a great auditorium was built in Bangor, thus enabling eastern Maine to share permanently this musical education. An or-

teaching, directing, accompanying when scores proved too difficult for untrained eyes, inspiring, encouraging, lashing with criticism into keener thought and quicker perception; and finally marshalling into line these people, so many of whom were

WILLIAM ROGERS CHAPMAN



chestra of Maine men was formed, gathered from wherever his quick eye and sure judgment found worthy talent; and with characteristic courage and faith in their ability, he plunged these men, many of whom were playing in a full orchestra for the first time, not into pretty, popular melodies, but headfirst into Beethoven and Tschaikowsky symphonies. Back and forth for thousands of miles he traveled,

singing the world's greatest music for the first time, and never before with an orchestra.

None can over-estimate the untiring energy and determination of this man. Hurrying down from his busy musical life in New York, surmounting obstacle after obstacle, in the face of personal financial loss, he has persistently evolved enthusiasm and inspiration and an ever-growing

appreciation where at first among many was mere inertia or utter bewilderment.

The people in the cities were ready for this work, but to the greater number in the smaller towns it came like the gradual entrance into a new world; and among the villages is where the intrinsic nobility of the movement shows most clear. Here is where it touches its finest melody in the hearts of these people. No one can estimate the good or the inspiration it has brought into hundreds of lives.

Many a sacrifice has been made. Many a woman has faced the snow and sleet and ice of a New England winter for miles, in order to be present at the weekly rehearsal

cultivation which is being put into their lives. And many a patient effort has reaped its reward. Measure by measure the whole oratorio of *Elijah* was learned by one whose soul was filled with music, yet whose eyes had been denied the blessed privilege of sight; and to this same one was given one of the foremost seats in the Festival chorus, reserved for those whom Mr. Chapman feels it is a pleasure to watch. All one winter the score of *Elijah*, followed in turn by the *Messiah*, held its place above an ironing-board, while its owner who never before had opened a book of music, busied his hands in the daily routine before him, while his heart and soul

MISS RICKER



E. ELSWORTH GILES



MISS SOVEREIGN



sals; or has gathered a little band of faithful souls, and leading, singing, accompanying oftentimes on a well-worn melodian, has piloted them through the intricacies of this music, note by note. Boys dressed in their best, with eager, absorbed faces, have come from the rough and tumble life of the logging camps to study with the townspeople. Young men have roosted outside the chapels where the rehearsals usually are held, till drawn with irresistible force by the flood of harmony pouring out through the open windows into the night, have mounted the chapel steps and reverently taken their places with the rest. Oratorio and grand opera, Bach and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Gounod and Grieg sound here and there in the villages, hummed and whistled and sung by young people who only dimly as yet, realize the

mastered the score. Yet this is but one element in the great whole, but one side of the enthusiasm shared by young and old. With princely power it sweeps away petty distinctions of means and manner of earning one's livelihood. College professors, society women, busy professional men, tired teachers, unthinking boys and girls all meet on this common ground, and the mantle of cultivation spreads over all alike, as they join with one accord in the work.

Yet no sketch would be complete without some mention of the gracious woman whose tact and exquisite sympathy has thrown an intangible charm over the whole changing it from merely a business enterprise into a personal inspiration. Mr. Chapman has led his choruses with a man's strength and a genius's magnetism into undreamed-of heights; while Mrs. Chap-

MADAME SCHUMANN HEINK



man, his wife, has won their hearts. And before her, each member of the chorus bows in loyal recognition of her share of the work. No tiny detail is too trivial to come beneath her notice. No member of the chorus is too insignificant to receive her fullest interest and help. Each member is personally known to her by name, and to her come the thousand and one questions from the suitability of a certain gown to the business questions which must be considered and the preparation of the exquisitely-arranged program books that form a distinctive feature of the Festival.

Several pretty customs have established themselves. One is the singing of the wonderful Hallelujah chorus with which each Festival is opened, and in which audience as well as choruses join. Another is the exclusion of sombre colors on the stage, that there may be merely a flash and ripple of rainbow hues, when springing to their feet, the choruses greet the soloists upon their stage entrance with a mad flutter and wave of handkerchiefs and the homage of

a thousand hearts. For three days in each city this glorious carnival is held, one night being devoted to grand opera, one to oratorio, while the third is given to a popular program. Sembrich and Nordica, Lillian Blauvelt and Maconda, Ffrancon Davies, Miles, Dufft, Meyn and a score of others have become familiar throughout these states, as a result of Mr. Chapman's unaided efforts; and at even greater expense and responsibility, this year he increases the list by bringing Mme. Schumann-Heinck. Yet with an ever-thoughtful care lest in raising Maine's standards her own children be forgotten or discouraged by thus being brought face to face with the world's greatest genius, he still continues to arrange a separate concert for her singers and composers, giving them the utmost freedom as to their work.

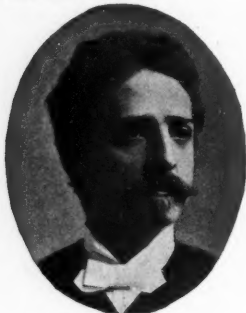
* * *

A great power for good lies around these people of Northern New England; so near to them, that as yet, they may be slow in recognizing it, or in giving honor to the

MADAME LILLIAN BLAUVELT



RICHARD BURMEISTER



D. FRANGCON-DAVIES



SIGNOR CAMPANARI



man whose indomitable will and courage have brought three of our states under its sway.

The title of the "Maine Festival" will soon merge into that of the "New England Festival." It has long since passed the experimental stage, and has ceased to be

a local affair. It has become a recognized, educational power, receiving not only the interest but the praise as well, of all who realize that the crowning glory of music is the uplift and cultivation which it brings to each human being who acknowledges its power.

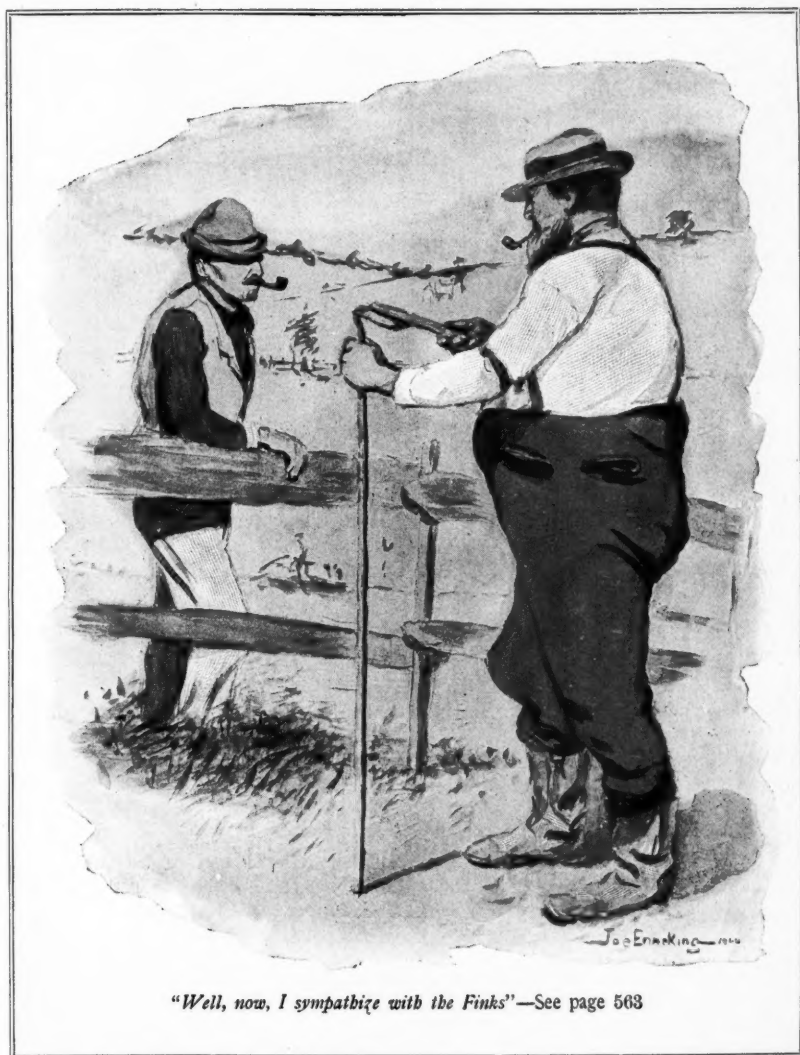


A NAHANT BREAKER

On brave Nahant, where storm-swept seas begin,
Lies a sharp ploughshare of unyielding stone.
Here high the hoary plumes of spray are thrown:
And, when the sun-smiles of God's Love are sown,
Like golden sickle waits the beach of Lynn.

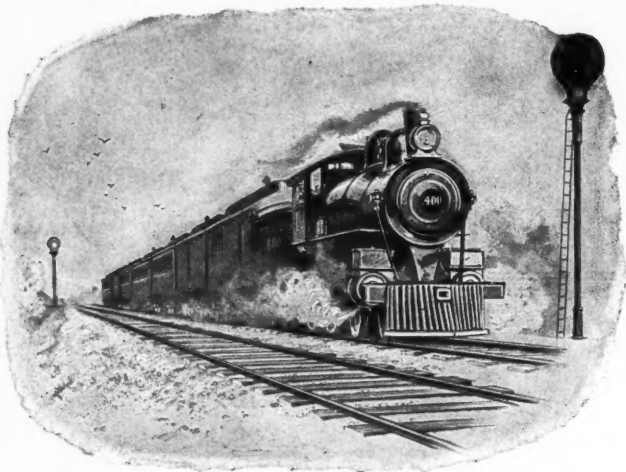
But, oh! the harvest that is gathered in
When tempests furrow deep the cruel main!
The white truce of thy spray, oh Sea, is vain:
For oft, on yonder beach the Drowned have lain
Hard by Nahant, where storm swept seas begin.

Ernest Newton Bagg



"Well, now, I sympathize with the Finks"—See page 563

THE OVERLAND LIMITED. FASTER THAN EVER TO CALIFORNIA



"DOUBLE TRACKING" A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

By H. J. Cleveland

WHEN Bloemfontein passed from the possession of the Orange Free State into that of the English, Lord Kitchener, the supply and engineering head of the English army, found the single track road from Bloemfontein to Johannesburg must be double-tracked. So great was the stock of munitions of war at hand at Bloemfontein, so urgent the need for them at Johannesburg, that the old-style, single-track line could not be depended upon to convey them.

They say—those who were in Bloemfontein at the time—that the better part of the nearly 80 miles of double-track was laid in forty-eight hours—some of it could not be laid at all, owing to the mountainous character of the country. My Lord Kitchener having his rails and ties at hand, with a few spikes, and much good British

muscle in store, placed the ties up hill and down hill wherever they would lay, laid his rails upon them, drove his spikes, tamped a little, ballasted much less, and shoved in his trains of supplies. In one place the rails were so poorly held that human agencies were employed to keep them in position while the cars passed safely over. However, Johannesburg got the supplies it needed and the Kitchener "double-track" will pass into history as the quickest laid—without survey or grading—in the history of war railroad building.

But such paralleling of an already established single track with a companion line would never do for an American transcontinental railway, having hundreds of thousands of human lives and tons of products to carry, east and west, every year. The license of war permits a double or single track to be laid where engineers

would fear to tread even in times of peace. Providence or something else carries the trains over to the enemy's front or incontinently dumps all through the spreading of a rail or a misplaced spike, into the ditch, to be later looted by the enemy's foragers. The license of peace demands of railway officials, from the humblest construction laborer to the highest engineer—the most important president—the severest fidelity to the laws of science in track building.

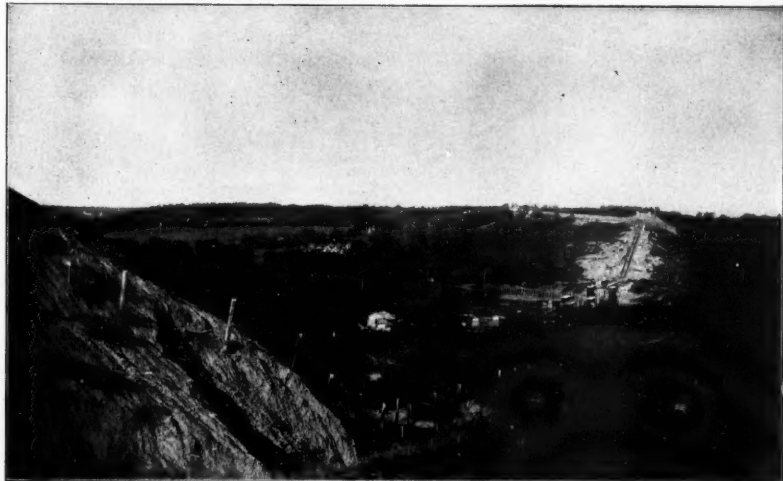
One is not apt to think so as the "Colorado Special" or the "Overland Limited" for the Pacific coast speeds across the plains of Illinois and Iowa. One accepts this as a matter of course; something which always has been, a provision for which laws of nature and only laws of nature are responsible. Yet nothing is more untrue—nothing less "matter of course." A friend riding one day with a railway-magnate, over one of his lines, praised the ease of travel at a particular spot in the track; the absence of jarring and wretched shaking.

"Yes," said the President in reply, "it feels easy to you and is easy, but the engineer who straightened out the kinks in that particular spot for me was two years

devising his plans and six months more getting them into effect. That 'smooth' bit of track cost this system \$400,000 before it was transformed from one of the worst in the country to one of the best."

Track laying, road bed building, the construction of bridges and culverts, converting a single line into a double track line, have passed into a foremost classification in the fixed sciences of railway work. Men of extraordinary special abilities are not only demanded, but sought for, by the railway corporations to take charge of these undertakings. Some one has called this class of brainy builders—these radical opponents to the iconoclastic spirit—"money savers." The phrase is not misapplied. They are railway economists of the highest order, raising a profession once indexed with the "drudgery" department to the highest pinnacle of professional standing. They are the men who in all parts of the world are levelling the mountain heights, bringing the peaks down to the plains, spanning torrents, opening the four corners of the earth to the ingress of man. He, by the fruit of their labors, is gradually recognizing that, from pole to pole and ocean to ocean, the

THE DES MOINES RIVER GORGE: SPANNED BY THE NORTH-WESTERN'S STEEL BRIDGE



A HEAVY PIECE OF WORK



ultimate purpose of the races of the world is one. In other words, the comparatively unknown, silent, industrious railway builder is making for the universal brotherhood of man.

All of which is not far removed from the story of the greatest double-track construction work, now under way, ever undertaken by any railway in the world—greatest, to this writing, in number of miles of single track paralleled, in total amount of cut and fill, in grades reduced in degrees, in curvature overcome, and in expense incurred. The feat, for such it must be regarded by the public, has not only been undertaken, but more than half completed, by the Chicago & North-Western Railway on that portion of its transcontinental line extending from Chicago to Omaha, Nebraska. The total trackage is 492 miles and carries the heaviest transcontinental freight and passenger traffic between Lake Michigan and the Missouri river.

It is old history how the North-Western Line has grown from the infant Galena & Chicago Union Railroad Company to its proportions of today. That is not part of this tale of "double-tracking" which in many respects reads like a romance although palpable fact when one passes over the line across Illinois and Iowa, to the bottoms of the Missouri. The old single track system of the North-Western when first placed (and maintained after being placed for fifty years) was located almost wholly with reference to the sparse but growing settlements of the Northwest—for quick access to the lead and coal mines and to the then developing wheat fields. Chicago in 1847 and thereafter was a growing grain and produce shipping point, a fit terminal for a railway system, intending in time to reach the Pacific.

Galena, in northwestern Illinois, was the center of the lead mine district and an important produce section; Clinton was a Mississippi river point desirable as a rail-

way feeder; Boone, 200 miles beyond, was in close proximity to coal fields and in the heart of a cereal-producing soil. Still farther on, Council Bluffs, now outstripped by Omaha was apparently a rising metropolis on the Missouri. The object of the railway builder of fifty and forty years ago was to reach these named points as soon as possible, with as little track-construction expense, with as much dodging of hills, great cuts and great fills as could be tolerated. Grades unless extraordinarily out of proportion as to the main line were taken into small consideration. Curvature was not studied to any great extent. The air-line was not popular for it was expensive and neither skeptic bondholders nor incredulous financiers would stand for it. A railway in those pioneer times was built with the sole idea of "getting there" as soon as possible, and then of becoming revenue-producing with the least delay.

Said the engineer of one of our western railways to his assistants about to begin preliminary surveys:

"Follow the courses of the streams."

They did so and the track was down in marvellously short time, although eventu-

ally the new theory of railroad economists will probably demand the straightening and practical rebuilding of the line. The President of one of our prominent railways was riding over one of his lines with his division superintendent when a bad curve in the track was struck.

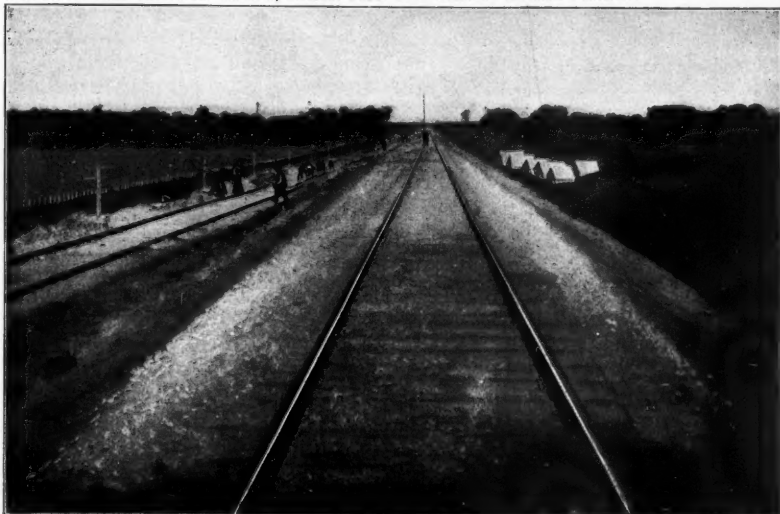
"By heavens," said the superintendent, "the engineer that located that track put all the curves and jolts in that point."

"Well," replied the manager quietly, "when I located that line I did not know as much about the business as I do now."

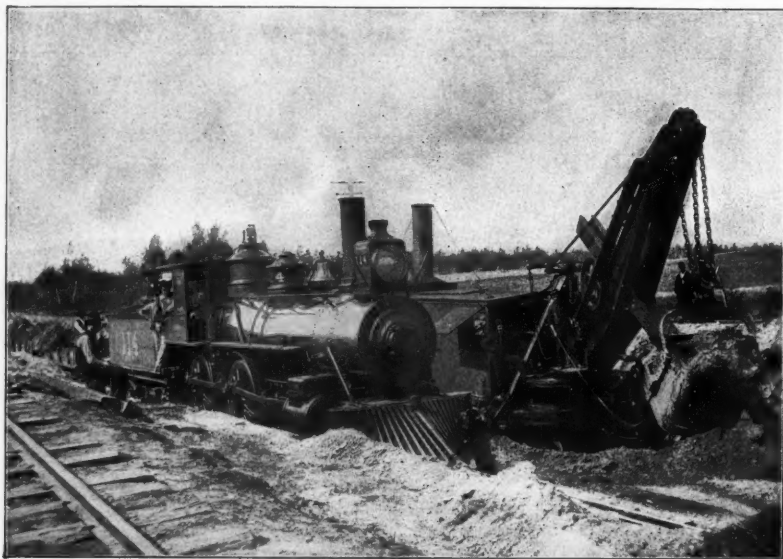
As he had grown in the new methods of railway construction so the North-Western Line has advanced, and the most remarkable evidence of this advancement is the double-track work now on. This by the end of 1901 will give the North-Western a double-track, transcontinental line from Chicago to Omaha, 90-pound rails, block signals, and almost an air-line right of way for the flight of its through trains from Chicago to Denver, San Francisco and Portland.

The system undergoing such an extraordinary change without interruption of traffic, without the delay of a single train, is the pioneer of all railway systems of the

THE BIG FILL EAST OF AMES, IOWA: THE OLD TRACK BEING RAISED



TRAFFIC CONTINUES WITHOUT INTERRUPTION



Northwest—the first to operate a railroad out of Chicago. Years afterwards it was the pioneer in track elevation in the city of Chicago—the first to institute the work of raising its tracks, and doing away with grade crossings. So it was the first railway to open a continuous transcontinental line for passenger traffic from Chicago to the Pacific coast, as now it is the first to meet the exigencies of modern travel and girdle Illinois and Iowa with four shining bands of steel, instead of two.

Iowa is not ordinarily looked upon as a hilly country, one as offering great impediments to railway construction. But the North-Western Line as originally constructed crossed the highest point in the state (State Center) and then a little farther on dropped into the valley of the Des Moines river, just west of Boone, and extricated itself from these grades and depressions as best it could with "double-headers" and "pusher" engines. In preparation for overcoming the heavy grades at State Center and Boone the system years ago double-tracked its line from Chicago to Clinton, a distance of 138

miles. Later this double track was extended from Clinton to Tama, Iowa, 148 miles beyond, making in all from Chicago to Tama, 286 miles of double-track on the transcontinental line.

The double-tracking to Tama, aside from the great expense involved, presented no extraordinary features. The road undertook the work because it was not only a public but a private necessity. It was practice of economy of the highest order. But from Tama west to Council Bluffs the obstacles to speedy and successful double-tracking rose fast and thick. In particular locations it was evident that to reduce grades and curvatures the old right of way would have to be abandoned entirely, new right of way purchased, and a new line established. Enormous cuts were to be made, equally enormous hollows to be filled and some bridge work to be undertaken of an extraordinary and peculiar nature. The best engineering talent of the system was brought face to face with the problems. The result was that in 1899 the work of making the line from Tama to Omaha, double-track, of

eliminating curves, of removing grades was begun.

That year the line from Tama to Lamaille, 27 miles; from Ontario to Boone 10 miles, and from Missouri Valley to Council Bluffs, or practically speaking to Omaha, was double-tracked, without a delay in regular train service, and without the general public being aware that anything extraordinary was going on.

This year the double tracking has gone on from Lamaille to Ontario, 34 miles, and seven miles across Boone county, which includes the building of one of the longest double-track railway bridges in the world. This bridge, which is over the Des Moines river, four miles west of Boone, is so far progressed as to have all its caissons and piers in place. It will be 2,688 feet in length, or 48 feet longer than half a mile. On either side—north and south—the Des Moines valley opens in great gorges, remarkable for their picturesque beauty.

The work this year has included besides the above, the 48 miles from Ogden to Maple River Junction, a portion of which will be finished this year and the remainder in 1901. In 1901 the 57 miles from Maple River Junction to Missouri Valley will be completed and then the entire 492 miles of steel, double-track will be ready for service. The double-track now in service covers 317 miles west of Chicago. In another year it will amount to 492 miles on the transcontinental line alone, for on its St. Paul division, Chicago to Elroy, Wis., the North-Western is already operating a double-track, 213 miles in length.

This description of the track so soon to be used reads much more smoothly than did the work itself progress when the greatest obstacles were confronted. On the double-tracking between Lamaille and State Center—the divide of the state—the grades on the single track system approximated sixty feet to the mile. The changes brought about by the alteration of the right of way and the straight cutting through hills has reduced this grade to 36 feet per mile. To bring this about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles of track was reworked and relocated.

From State Center to Ontario there has been no change in the right of way—the old single line being simply paralleled—but great changes have been made in the grades. In places there have been fills of 12 and 14 feet, all overcoming hitherto steep climbs and adding to the ease with which greater tonnage can be handled. West of Colorado, and west of Nevada the changes have been of the same nature. At the crossing of the farm of the State Agricultural college at Ames, the single line has been thrown over parallel with its old location so as to prevent the new track interfering with maintained traffic. This alteration is beneficial to Ames, the city being the largest intermediary (not terminal) railway passenger transfer point in the United States.

From Boone to Ogden, the main line has been straightened so as to effect a saving in distance of three miles. In ascent of grade there is saved here 158 feet and in curvature 834 degrees and 18 minutes. The maximum grade of the old line was 79 feet to the mile; the maximum grade of the new line 33 feet to the mile; the maximum curvature of the old single track line was 6 degrees and the maximum curvature of the new double track line is 2 degrees. The length of curvature of the old line was 5.8 miles and of the new line 0.4 miles. The figures express more eloquently than words the changes that have been effected. With the completion of the double tracking next year the only ruling grade for the entire distance between Chicago and Omaha will be at Arcadia Hill near Carroll. The question of the location of the new right of way across Arcadia Hill is now under discussion. At West Side, probably from that point to the Missouri River, there will be a 16 foot grade to the mile. The entire line will not have in its 492 miles of length a heavier grade to the mile than 36 feet.

The construction work at the crossing of the Des Moines river (including the steel bridge) represents an expenditure of \$1,250,000. The bridge itself will cost when completed over \$600,000. But this expensive work makes such a favorable

change in grades that it is estimated the improvement will pay for itself in two years after trains are worked over it. Where the company has often been compelled, in making the Des Moines river crossing, with heavy stock or merchandise trains, to sometimes have as high as four engines attached to a train, now the crossing may be made with the greatest ease with a single locomotive of medium capacity. For years the eleven mile bend between Boone and Ogden has been a most serious drawback. Trains moving in either direction and coming to the Des Moines river have dipped down the side of the ravine, swung around a great bend and crossed the river on a very low level near the town of Moingona. On the greater part of the bend a train frequently described the letter S, so many were the reverse curves.

The new double-track and steel bridge which overcomes this bend necessitated in construction the filling of two gorges, one of which required 116,000 cubic yards of earth and the other 107,000 cubic yards. These ravines were each 400 feet long and from 80 to 85 feet deep. The dump constructed across them leads directly to the steel bridge on as picturesque and direct a straight line as any one would care to inspect. On such track there is no limit to the size of a train, save engine capacity. Parenthetically, as to the entire double-track work, as high as 1,600 men were engaged in construction last year. About the same number is at work this year. To complete the work within the time desired (the end of 1904) the company has had over 60 locomotives engaged on the construction work and 1,000 cars of all descriptions. Of the cars 250 were special ballast cars. The completion of the entire line of double-track marks on the transcontinental division the end of the use of wood in construction work.

This detailed report of the work though is after all not so interesting as the economics of the undertaking. An eminent engineer said in a recent paper:

"In comparing the works of engineers, that engineer is the best who designs and

constructs, results being equal, in such a way that the interest on the capital invested, together with the maintenance charges and operating expenses, are a minimum."

Again he says:

"I have in mind a bridge over a great river in America which, with its auxiliaries, was constructed some years ago at an expense approximating \$10,000,000. It brought a national reputation to its engineers. I have in mind another bridge, located within five miles of the same structure, which so far as railroad traffic is concerned, performs the same functions but cost one-tenth of the amount of money. The construction of this latter bridge was a mere incident in the career of the engineers who designed and superintended the work, and it has brought practically no addition to their fame."

The two quotations tell the story of what is demanded of modern civil engineers and why such an enterprise as doubling the track of a transcontinental line is a financial as well as engineering problem of tremendous importance. The officials of a railway system, the bondholders and the stockholders, desire that a roadway shall be constructed for the carriage of the largest amount of tonnage at the least expense of coal, oil, wear and tear on equipment; further, a roadway with great capacity for sustaining high rates of speed with a maximum of safety. A practical railway man with a love for mathematics can very easily take an earnings and expense sheet of the Chicago & North-Western Railway and determine what this gain means in dollars and cents. For the unmathematical mind it may be said that it means the cheapest and safest kind of a haul for the largest amount of freight, at the highest practicable speed now to be had on any railway system of the country, operating over a right of way of practically the same character.

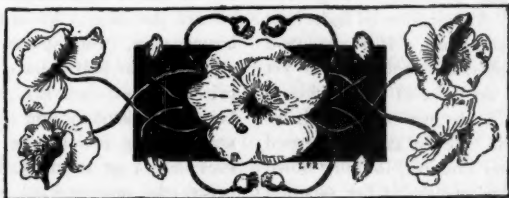
Railway managers are long-sighted. If they are not, their careers are much shorter than this story. They plan new phases of railway construction not only for the use of today but for the future. A well

managed railway property should always be in position to operate with the least expense and at the greatest profit when times are dull. This has been taken into consideration by but very few managers in the past. Today they are paying more attention to the principle than ever before. A road which is double-tracked in prosperous times and under the most favorable conditions, is necessarily in the position in dull times to better compete with struggling rivals, give the public the most convenient service and reap for itself the best profit consistent with the times.

It is another important consideration that by double-tracking any system doubles its precautions for the protection of human life. The old single line of the North-Western is now protected by the manual block system, the average distance between the block stations being about three and one-half miles. The blocking arrangements extend over the transcontinental line from Chicago to Omaha. Of course, with a double track, all east bound traffic confined to one, and all west bound traffic to the other, the additional safety provided for the public is so great that it can hardly be estimated. Another gain for the communities through which this transcontinental line passes and for the public is that like at Ames, new and modern station houses with every convenience are being constructed. Still another gain is the fact that the Union Pacific Railroad,

the through connection of the North-Western with the Pacific coast, is rapidly double-tracking a considerable portion of its line and straightening many curves. This is the day and hour of the civil engineer in railway construction, and no better illustration of his modern methods and marvellous ingenuity can be found than in the transformation of this transcontinental route, known under the title of the North-Western Line.

Through vestibuled passenger trains carrying the newly created travel for the Philippines, China and Japan, for Hawaii, and Guam, speed from Chicago to San Francisco and Portland without interruption. The influence of the Orient and its coming remarkable trade is already felt by this great railway system of the west, and the trains are already carrying American products to China, Japan and the Philippines. In closing, let it be said that it is no longer a jest that over this transcontinental line speeds daily a freight train toward the Pacific coast known as the "Hong Kong Special," nor that another travels the same way known as the "Honolulu Special." Recognizing that for the next century at least the greatest activity of commerce will be in the Orient the great railway system that first conquered what was once the Louisiana Purchase has entered the lists and is properly preparing for the enormous competition for that commerce soon to ensue.



THE MOUNTEBANK

By Elmore Elliott Peake

THE Deering County Fair was in its annual blaze of glory. The cocks in Poultry Hall were crowing lustily, bands were playing, flags flying, whirligigs whirling, brass-throated venders bawling, and everybody moving. In the Midway, round-shouldered farmers and genteel townsmen jostled one another good naturedly before the long line of gay booths. Down in the grand-stand a particolored crowd laughed, chatted, ate peanuts and drank Australian mead. Right opposite the judges' stand a bevy of smart city girls were laying their bets, ranging from five cents to a pound of candy. On the track the horses were warming for the first heat in the free-for-all trot.

Just back of the grand-stand, and in view of the "top seaters," stood a barouche to which were attached two milk-white horses, with splendid trappings of gold. The capacious box of the vehicle was filled with trays of tawdry jewelry. In the center stood a shrewd-looking man, with a closely trimmed gray mustache, keen blue eyes, and the rather hard, indifferent mien characteristic of his class.

Just behind the driver's seat was a little platform occupied by a child of striking beauty, the effect of which was cunningly heightened by her picturesque Highland kilt and bonnet. A profusion of light hair hung over her shoulders. Her nose and mouth were exquisitely molded. As yet her face showed no trace of that recklessness which such a life inevitably produces in a woman. Still, she sat as unconcerned as any lady in her boudoir, looking down with a quiet consciousness of her position into the several hundred eyes that were turned admiringly upon her.

"Now, my good friends," the fakir was saying blandly, "we have no fife and drum here, no brass band, no flags or bunting; but we are going to give you something

vastly better. We are only here today to do a little advertising—me and my little daughter—but tomorrow, my friends—get off that wheel, boy!—tomorrow, my friends, I expect to do a land office business with you. Tomorrow your eyes will pop out of your heads at the things you will see done here. But today we only want to amuse you—and do enough business on the side to make expenses. When you get tired of me, Babe up there will amuse you with a song, or the Highland sword dance—something, perhaps, you have never seen. She has given that sword dance before all the crowned heads of Europe, and some of the uncrowned; and she's got a trunkful of complimentary letters down at the hotel, from kings and princes and queens and dukes—ain't you, Babe?"

Babe, sitting with her hands demurely folded during this harangue, answered with the voice of a cherub, "I have, popsy." As the crowd sceptically laughed, Babe also smiled, and winked at one of the little boys, greatly to his confusion. A lie, of course; but surely the Recording Angel had not the heart to write it down.

The first surprise offered was a shining silver dollar for fifty cents. Indeed, the crowd was so surprised that no one at first offered to buy. At last, however, one brave man, not afraid of counterfeits, passed up a half-dollar and received his prize. Others quickly followed, the ice being now broken, and soon a dense mass was pushing toward the carriage. However, not a great many dollars were sold before the mountebank stopped the sale with, "Now, my friends, while you are catching your breath, we'll have that dance I promised you. All ready there, Babe? Go ahead."

So, while "poppy" blew and squeezed a wheezy bagpipe, Babe flew from side to

side of the miniature stage with lightning-like rapidity, her tiny feet almost invisible a good part of the time. Now backward, now forward, over the Maltese cross of gilded swords, her hair keeping time on her shoulders; and then around and around in dizzy whirls until her cheeks were blood red, and her little chest was heaving pitifully.

At these signs of fatigue, the mountebank called a halt. The crowd yelled and clapped uproariously, and the panting maiden responded with numerous womanly little bows. The fakir then stowed his instrument away, and patted Babe's curls approvingly, much as a showman might give a bear a lump of sugar after its trick.

"My friends," said he, impressively, "there was only one woman on earth that could beat her at that dance, and that was her mother. But the past is dead and buried, and we won't invade the tomb. Recess is over and we must go to work again."

The next thing offered was a pair of remarkable cuff-buttons, "patent plated, single action, lever movement, time saving and quick adjusting," all for the remarkably small sum of fifty cents. These did not go as rapidly as the silver dollars; but when three pairs were sold and immediately bought back by the obliging fakir at a dollar each, the sales began to pick up. Then the same thing was sold at a dollar and redeemed at two dollars, which gave business a genuine boom. Watch chains sold at one dollar apiece like the proverbial hot cakes; and when the price was quickly raised to two dollars, the sales increased, in violation of all economic laws. Scarf pins could not be furnished rapidly enough at a dollar each. Shirt studs enjoyed as good a run.

Every buyer was strictly enjoined not to leave the carriage; and as none of them was inclined to do so, there was soon an excited mob swaying about the center of attraction. Still no refund came. At last a watch was snapped on to a chain and offered at ten dollars. For a moment the crowd was staggered. But the spirit of

speculation was on, and a buyer was found. Several others, thus encouraged, parted with their money. But with the sale of the tenth watch, and no refund in sight yet, a feeling of suspicion began to chill the enthusiastic crowd. Some sceptical ones, who had not bought, laughed derisively. Just as an angry murmur began to rise, the mountebank quietly but quickly packed his wares, touched the coachman's shoulder, and the barouche moved away.

"Gents, we can't do business without confidence," vouchsafed the mountebank, and the last thing the holders of the tin watches heard was little Babe's soft, rippling laughter.

"How much, popsy?" she asked, in a voice inaudible to the coachman.

"About two hundred, less the license," he returned, in the same cautious tone.

"Can I have my fur sacque, now?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"I think you can, my dear," he answered kindly, and for the first time that day, doubtless, his face put off the hard armor with which one has to meet the thrusts of the world in certain questionable pursuits, and assumed a look of pure, disinterested love. "You can, Babe, if Scoopy doesn't want too much of it."

"Why do you always divide with Scoopy, popsy?" asked the child, impatiently.

"Because he's my pardner, dear."

"But he doesn't do any work," she urged.

"No, that face of his would ruin an established business. He's a silent pardner. I wish he was silent in other ways," he added grimly.

That night the dingy bar-room of the Florida House, to which hostelry the two adventurers made their way from the fair grounds, presented a scene of unusual activity. By nine o'clock the place was running with beer and stifling with tobacco smoke. The congested crowd in the corner by the bar, indicated some special attraction. It was Babe. Seated on a stool, with a mandolin across her lap, she surveyed her crowd with a practised eye. A

moment later the lively strains of "Tip Your Hat to Nellie" filled the air. The interlude between the first and the second stanzas was a deafening burst of applause from the drunken loafers and thugs gathered around her. At the end of the song, a big, tipsy drayman, who probably had hungry children of his own at home, took the child upon his knee, curled her hair around his dirty chapped forefinger, and called her his "trim lassy." The child instinctively shrank from his whiskey-laden breath; but at the same time, with a tact rare in one so young, and rather sad, she smiled into his face.

After another song, the drayman tendered his slouched hat to a grimy coal-heaver, and with an oath directed him to pass it around. The hat was large and not easy to overlook. Further, when in place, it covered a pair of exceedingly broad shoulders. The result was a liberal contribution of nickels and dimes, a kind of levy on the bread-and-butter fund of wives and children. Evidently, however, little Babe did not go into the question so deeply, for she jingled the coins in her side pocket with a show of pleasure. Then again and again she sang and laughed and pocketed the collections. Yet now and then, when unobserved, her little face took on a weary expression; and during the evening she cast many a wistful glance toward two men sitting at a table in the farthest corner of the room.

One of these was a long, thin-faced man, with scanty, fiery whiskers and a cold, fishy eye. In the other sober-faced man, the credulous people at the fair would have had difficulty in recognizing their debonair victimizer; for, now that he had no crowd to amuse and to fleece, not a vestige of his light, rollicking air was to be seen. Instead, he nibbled incessantly at his short mustache, or nervously ran his knuckles across his lips, as though they were dry. The red-whiskered one sat drumming upon the table, giving his beer an occasional shake, and staring at the ceiling with a very well assumed air of patience.

"I don't see no other way out of it, Mc-

Farland," he resumed, after a long silence.

"She's worth lots to us in the business, Scoopy," suggested the mountebank, almost humbly.

"I don't know whether she is or not. But suppose she is. How long would it take her to earn us five thousand dollars?"

"But to sell her like a nigger, Scoopy!" groaned McFarland.

"It was a good nigger that would bring that price," returned the other, coolly. "You was devilish willin' to sell her like a nigger once."

"It was different then."

"Yes, it was different. You hadn't got full of namby-pamby notions then. Besides, she won't know nothin' about bein' sold—what's the use in puttin' it in that cussed unpleasant way?" he demanded.

"She'll know she's leavin' me," answered McFarland, mournfully. "The little thing will just about cry her eyes out."

"I think most of the cryin' will be on the other side of the house," remarked Scoopy, with brutal acumen. "These little kids forget you in a mighty short time. You don't know 'em like I do."

"Well," said McFarland huskily, "she's the only thing on earth I've got any love for, and the only thing on earth that's got any love for me. That's all I've got to say, Scoopy."

For answer, Scoopy savagely plucked his red beard, divided between perplexity and contempt for such a sentiment. "You didn't think of that when you stole her—that some one else loved her," he ventured at last.

"When we stole her, Scoopy," corrected McFarland, with a keen glance. "Remember that, if there's any stealin' about it—and I suppose there is in the eyes of the law, though her parents was probably burnt."

"It's precious little trouble you took to find out whether they was or not," sneered Scoopy.

"I wish to God we had, if it's come to this traffickin' in flesh and blood. It's more than I contracted for," and again his voice shook.

"Well, more or less, it's come to it," answered Scoopy in a hard tone. "When I took her, I didn't do it on the sentiment, and I ain't going to keep her on it. Tell her that she ain't your child, Mac," he continued, more gently, "and that her real father has turned up, and that you are duty bound to turn her over to him. Wheeler kin play the father act all right, and he'll treat her good, too. You needn't worry about that."

"Scoopy, let's keep her," burst out McFarland, pleadingly. "I was just picturin' to myself how it'll be when she's gone, and it will break my heart to give her up."

"Dang it, man, don't be a fool!" cried Scoopy, angrily rising. "The deal is made and settled, and I wrote Wheeler so to-day. And mind you, McFarland, no crooked work, or I swear I'll send you to the pen, if I have to go with you. Meet me in Pittsburg, at the Shelby House, day after to-morrow. Wheeler will be there. Do you hear?" he asked, as McFarland made no reply, but buried his face in his hands.

"Yes, I will be there on Sunday," he answered without looking up. "I've got five towns to make."

"Sunday, then, without fail," and Scoopy strolled away to the bar and ordered a drink, glancing critically at Babe, as if calculating whether five thousand dollars were enough for her.

As soon as Scoopy had disappeared, McFarland broke through the ring around Babe with very little ceremony, and said, "Come, Babe, it's time to go to bed."

"It's only eleven o'clock, popsy," exclaimed Babe in surprise, as they ascended the stairs.

"You are tired ain't you?"

"Yes," she chirped, squeezing his hand and smiling up at him.

"Well, then, don't complain," and he smiled tenderly to soften the words.

When they reached Babe's door—for of late years he had insisted, despite Scoopy's growling about expenses, that the child should have a bedroom to herself—he stooped down and kissed her good-night with such unwonted tenderness that she

dropped her little mandolin to the floor, and wound her arms around his neck.

"Popsy, I love you so much," she whispered and kissed his cheek.

And thereupon the mountebank, the glib-tongued swindler, the case-hardened son of adventure, dropped down upon the dirty carpet of that third-rate hotel, pressed his little protege to his bosom, and sobbed as if his heart would break. Babe, with tears of sympathy in her bright eyes, whispered, "What's the matter, popsy? Did Scoopy take all the money? Never mind, I can do without my sacque." McFarland thanked her, forced a smile, and said he had something to tell her soon. He then carried her into her room.

For three days the Wonderful Child Sword-Dancer and her alleged father rode into town with a great fanfare of trumpets, so to speak, duped the credulous, and then rode out again, sometimes under cover of the night. For three days the mountebank bragged and blustered, wheedled and coaxed, threatened and cajoled, and cracked his hoary jokes, and laughed and talked, and did the people out of their money, just as if all the world were a glorious box of sunshine, and he a butterfly that thrived upon it. For three days Babe smiled upon the crowds, winked at the little boys, told her little lie about the trunkful of letters, and danced the sword-dance.

But at night she sang no more in the barrooms, for the penurious Scoopy was absent. Instead, McFarland put her to bed promptly at nine o'clock. In her cold room she would lie in a bed big enough for four of her size, and hear, in a sleepy way, the brawling and drunken singing and the clinking of glasses in the bar below. Then she would feel thankful that she and "popsy" were not downstairs, but were safe in bed; and her little heart throbbed the prayer of gratitude that her lips had never been taught to utter. This done, she would turn over on her pillow and slip into oblivion.

But, alas! "popsy" was usually downstairs, and often for long hours after his little charge was in the misty land of dreams, for the pillow had no oblivion for

his aching heart. Too often he came to bed in the small hours of the morning, with a step none too steady; for though he was no drunkard, brandy was the only Lethe he knew.

On the evening of the third day out from the Deering County Fair, the pair rolled into the Iron City, and made their way to the Shelby House, Leaving Babe in the little cuddly called a parlor, McFarland went into the office to register. Turning the pages back for three days, he saw, with a sinking heart, "R. Schoopnevitts, C. L. Wheeler," bracketed for Room 19.

He cast his eye around the room. To his relief, Scoopy's ugly pinched features were not in sight. Still, there was a score of other tough-looking customers, anyone of whom might be Wheeler—Wheeler, the man to take his child, his Babe, the treasure of his heart, to dress her in green tights and teach her to walk a tight wire! The child would moan and cry for a few days, and then filial affection would assert itself—for was not he to tell her that Wheeler was her father? She would grow older and more beautiful, and then, and then—but here his heart sickened, and cursed the day that made him and Schoopnevitts partners in crime.

"Babe," said he, after regaining the parlor, "sing me that little song."

"Tip your hat to—"

"No, no, dear; that's not for your popsy. 'When papa brings my drum.' Sing it low, so that they won't hear across the hall."

Babe, well pleased, slipped her mandolin from the case, and in a low sweet voice sang him his favorite song. Not a song perhaps to bring tears to every eye, but one which, on that day, made McFarland's head sink low. When Babe was done, he took her upon his knee.

"Babe, I'm going to tell you that secret now that I promised you, and I want you to be a little woman. You will, won't you, Babe, for popsy? Yes, I know you will. But I'm going to tell you a little story first. Once, when Scoopy and I was in Chicago, a great fire broke out, and burned down half the town."

"The old cow kicked over the lamp!" exclaimed Babe.

"Yes, I told you about it when we was there, didn't I. Well, one night we—Scoopy and me—was standin' on a corner where there was lots of furniture—from the burnt houses, you know—and I saw a nigger bendin' over something in a chair. When he seen us lookin' he darted away behind a pile of goods. It was a little baby he was lookin' at, and he'd probably stole its necklace. Well, we picked it up and took it off. I ain't been good in my day, Babe, and we might have found that little child's parents, only we thought meb-be they was burned. Any way, there wasn't any ransom offered, and we thought we'd wait until some other man lost his child, and then we'd give him y—her. Yes, I did, Babe—don't look so scared. I told you I was bad. Scoopy was in it as much as me, but he wasn't any worse than me. I'm sorry for it, and now I'm goin' to get my reward for it. How? I'll tell you that, later, too. So I kept her for three years, Babe, and she grew up a beautiful little thing, with the sweetest little mouth in the world—a good 'eal like yourn, Babe, only not quite so sweet," and he bent down to kiss the sweet mouth, and cleared his throat very hard.

"At last our chance came. A little girl had been lost or stolen in New York, for about three years, and they offered three thousand dollars reward for her return, with proofs of identity—that is, showin' that she was their child, you know. Well, I went to New York, and spent two months in gettin' my proofs ready—hirin' people to lie about knowin' this child, and signin' papers, and all that. Yes, it was bad, Babe, very bad. But when everything was ready, and I had tied the little girl's cap on, and she said, 'Where we goin', popsy?' I found out something funny, Babe. I found out that I loved that child. Yes, sir, I loved that child as much as I do you."

"As much as me, popsy?" asked Babe, reproachfully.

"Yes, as much as you, Babe, for that little girl was you. So I untied your cap,

and when Scoopy come home, I told him that somebody had peached, and the game was off. He cursed me for a stupid fool; but if he'd known the truth, Babe, I believe he'd have killed me, and mebbe you, too. So we've kept you ever since. Now don't you hate me, when you know how bad I am, and ain't your real father?"

"You are my popsy, any how, and I wouldn't have any other," said Babe, cuddling closer.

"But suppose your real father was rich, and lived in a big house, with lace curtains, and had a pony for you to ride, and nice silk dresses, and a gold watch, and a new fur sacque every week, if you wanted it?"

"He ain't, is he?" she asked, incredulously.

"Mebbe."

For a moment this glittering picture sealed her lips. Then she answered with a little hug, "I wouldn't go, popsy, unless you did, too," and for a moment McFarland's sad eye brightened.

"But suppose he was poor like me, and wanted you to help, him make a living, like you help me, only you would have to learn to walk a wire, like the lady we saw in the show. How about that?"

"I wouldn't go, popsy," again came from the inexorable little lips.

"But, Babe," said he, in a husky, broken voice, and with a wild gleam in his eye, "if he was your true father—" and then the lie choked him, and he ground his teeth in helpless grief.

At that instant the door opened, and a swarthy, whiskered face was thrust within.

"Your name McFarland?" asked the owner abruptly.

"It is," answered McFarland.

"Speak to you a minute, please," and the black head disappeared.

McFarland stepped into the hall, closing the door behind him.

"My name's Wheeler," said the black

whiskered one, by the way of introduction. "I suppose you've heard the news."

"What news?"

"Scoopnets is dead."

"Scoopnets! Schoopneviits, you mean, my pardner?"

"The same. Killed in a brawl here night before last. I supposed you knowed it. An ugly little mess which I'm glad my name is not connected with." He paused for a moment, after this virtuous sentiment. Then added, "I don't suppose it will affect our little arrangement," jerking his thumb toward the parlor. "You'll git it all now."

Without a change of countenance, McFarland thrust his hands into his pockets in a nonchalant manner, and said: "His death, of course, wouldn't make any difference, because a bargain is a bargain."

"Yes, of course," said Wheeler, relieved.

"But the truth is, Mr. Wheeler, Scoopy made that contract without my consent, and I can't let the girl go for no such price. No, not by no means," with a vigorous shake of the head. "It's too cheap for a girl of her beauty and trainin'."

"About what figure would you want?" asked Wheeler, with a fall of countenance.

"Fifty thousand dollars, and then some!" exclaimed McFarland, with an inscrutable smile; and, backing into the parlor, he slammed the door into Wheeler's mystified face.

Then Babe suddenly found herself tossed into the air, in imminent danger of cracking her head against the ceiling, and down again into McFarland's arms, where she was hugged until she actually cried with pain.

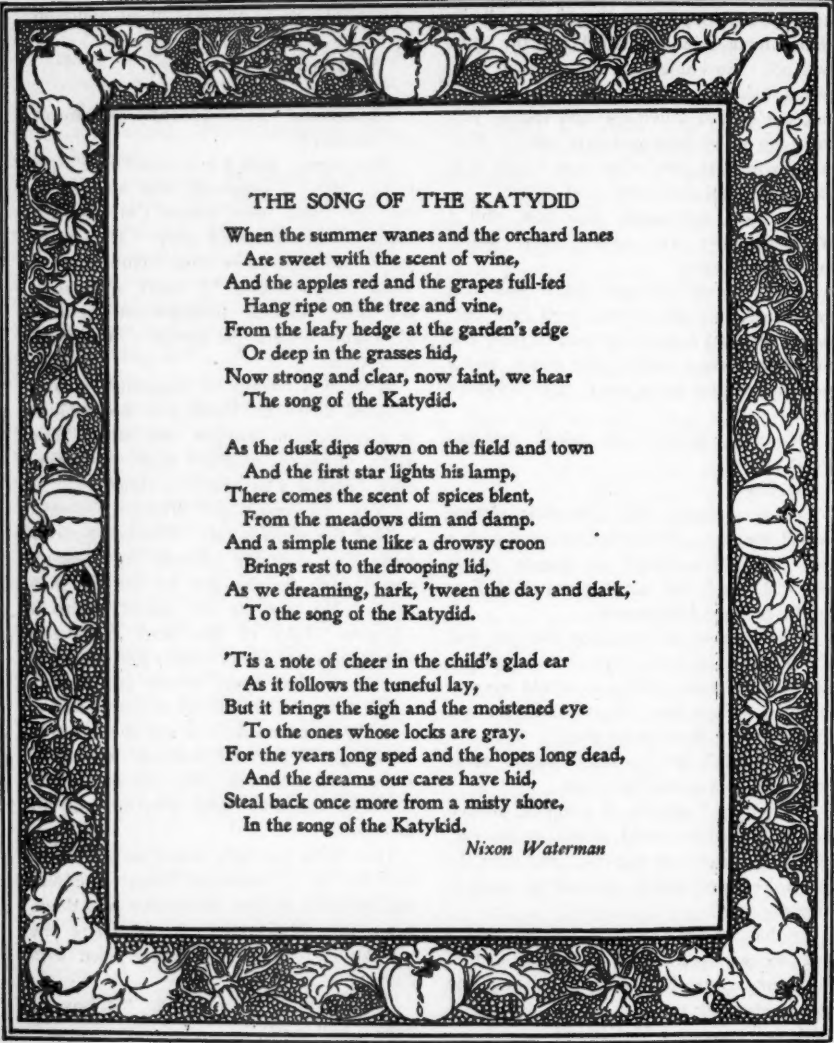
"Babe," cried McFarland, "Scoop, is dead! Got shot!"

The child looked at him doubtfully.

"It's true. Why don't you cry?" he asked.

"Why don't you cry, popsy?" asked Babe.





THE SONG OF THE KATYDID

When the summer wanes and the orchard lanes
Are sweet with the scent of wine,
And the apples red and the grapes full-fed
Hang ripe on the tree and vine,
From the leafy hedge at the garden's edge
Or deep in the grasses hid,
Now strong and clear, now faint, we hear
The song of the Katydid.

As the dusk dips down on the field and town
And the first star lights his lamp,
There comes the scent of spices blent,
From the meadows dim and damp.
And a simple tune like a drowsy croon
Brings rest to the drooping lid,
As we dreaming, hark, 'tween the day and dark,
To the song of the Katydid.

'Tis a note of cheer in the child's glad ear
As it follows the tuneful lay,
But it brings the sigh and the moistened eye
To the ones whose locks are gray.
For the years long sped and the hopes long dead,
And the dreams our cares have hid,
Steal back once more from a misty shore,
In the song of the Katydid.

Nixon Waterman

When on the hills, descending low,
The sun hath left its farewell glow,
Then comes the harvest moon with silver glory dight,
And as the lengthning shadows softly creep,
All nature seems to breathe "Good Night."
And gently fall asleep.

Walter L. Greene.

BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR

By Annie T. Colcock

PART III.

THE BELL OF THE HERMITAGE.

THE mid-day train from Madrid had crawled into the station with its usual disregard of schedule time.

Among the few passengers was a bronzed and bearded young man, with a deep scar above his left temple, and a brisk, soldierly bearing. He had surrendered himself and his baggage into the hands of an officious cochero, and was being driven in the direction of the bridge of Alcantara, when a bystander murmured:

"There goes one now."

"What?" questioned another.

"One of the repatriados,"* replied the first speaker, motioning toward the carriage. All eyes were directed to the stranger, and a pretty young woman, with a faded shawl drawn closely over her head and shoulders—for the October winds were keen—turned aside from the group and wiped a tear from her cheek with a corner of her clean white apron.

One or two looked after her with the sympathy that comes of understanding; and others caught the commiserating glance and sighed.

"It is a bitter draught for Spain, to have her soldiers shipped home to her at America's expense," remarked one of the group. To which a shabby, wrinkled old man replied, sadly, glancing at the new broadcloth cloak thrown jauntily over the other's shoulders:

"Si, senor, but it is more bitter still for those who have no son left alive to return with the repatriados."

Meanwhile, the carriage had crossed the Tagus, and Don Jacinto—for it was he—glanced over his shoulder at the river, its

dark green waters flowing swiftly between the bare, rocky banks as it circled the city like a moat of feudal times. Before him rose Toledo, its tiled roofs glistening in the sunlight, its square towers and graceful minarets outlined against the azure sky.

"Just so," he thought, "just so it appeared when I arrived here two years and a half ago. On a city that reckons its age in centuries, a few years in passing, leave little trace; but on a man 'tis different. These years just gone will remain in the memory even as the smell of battle lingers in the nostrils.—Madre de Dios! I have thee and this thick skull of mine to thank that my bones are not rotting where I fell in the bloody trenches at El Caney, with those of many a better man. Alas! for those left behind, who will never again see the sun rise on this fair land of ours. Viva Espana! she is worth a million Cubas. Whatever she has lost, her honor is as untarnished as the blue sky above her. Defeated though we may be, none can say that a Spanish soldier ever played the coward,—neither the conscript, who went because he had to go—the regular, who fought because it was his trade—nor the volunteer, who joined for the honor of his country, the hope of glory, or the love of some fair woman. Caramba! the last was the best motive; for, though the thought of honor, and of glory, may nerve a man to face death, it is love that gives him courage to live on in spite of failure.

"Life is a great lottery! For a long time I have drawn nothing but blanks, but to-day I hold the ticket for the grand prize. Ah! Mercedes, preciosa, I fear thy bright eyes have grown dull of late, weeping for Don Pedro. It was not strange the old man should have sunk after the news of our defeat, for he was

*The name applied to the Spanish soldiers who were sent home after the war.

ever sanguine of success. It will be a sweet task to comfort thee, querida mia. By San Antonio, there's love in the very air to-day, even the old Tagus is singing redondillas."

He broke into a gay whistle, and drawing out a handful of cigars, in an excess of generosity and light heartedness, bestowed half on the cochero. Later still, that worthy, as he deposited his passenger at the door of the Hotel del Lino, was even more astounded by the munificence of the tip he received, and the laughing adjuration that he drink forthwith a health to all true lovers in Castile.

"And now for Mercedes!" exclaimed the young soldier, sallying forth into the streets. "As her grandfather is dead, she ought to be willing to marry me at once.—Por Dios! I never thought to enter Paradise through a Moorish archway!" and he let fall the knocker on the old green door.

* * *

Some hours later, Sebastiano, walking abstractedly along the street, or highway that follows the sweeping curve of the river, was startled by a call behind him.

"Sst! Hola! friend Sebastiano, how goes it? Canst bid me a welcome home? For as yet—" and there was a reckless laugh, "I have had none in Toledo."

The hunchback turned quickly, and extended a cordial little hand.

"A thousand welcomes, Don Jacinto. I rejoice to see you here and in good health. But you have a wound, I see!"

"Only a scratch, caballero. I made acquaintance with a bullet in the trenches at El Caney. It would have done me better service if it had gone through my skull instead." A gloomy frown gathered on his brow as he spoke.

Sebastiano looked up quickly, crying: "Have you seen Mercedes?"

"Caspita! I have! And for the last time." He turned away angrily, but the hunchback followed and laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Patience, Don Jacinto, I would have a word with you. Women are strange creatures, surely; but if, as I suppose, she has

sent you away, I think I can guess why."

"Ay, so can I," was the bitter reply. "It is because she is utterly without a heart. Valgame Dios! I have heard enough talk of honor. Is it honorable to play fast and loose with a man's love?"

The hunchback smiled shrewdly, and shook his head.

"Let us find a seat here, caballero. I am not such a fool as you may think me. At least, since Don Pedro's death, I believe there is no one who can understand Mercedes better than I. Perchance, when I have explained things clearly, we can devise some means of bringing her to hear reason."

"No, caballero! I want on wife who is reasoned into marrying me," Jacinto exclaimed, impatiently. "Unless she loves me—"

"But she does!" interrupted the dwarf.

"Prove it!" cried the soldier. "But no, you cannot. How think you she greeted me? When the door opened and she saw it was I, she fell back a pace and turned white; and—thinking like a fool that I had come on her too suddenly—I began to speak softly: 'Have I frightened thee, querida? Come, look up and bid me welcome, for I have flown to thee as soon as I could.'—And what think you she did then, Sebastiano? She put one hand to ward me off, and cried: 'May heaven pardon me that you have come so soon!' That was a warm welcome, truly. And you would have me believe she loves me. Caspita! 'tis enough to make one laugh." He shook off the dwarf's hand, and strode grimly on.

Sebastiano pursued him breathlessly. "I can prove it, caballero," he declared. "But let us sit awhile, your pace is too much for me," and he clambered up on the ruins of an old aqueduct beside the road.

Jacinto followed him with some reluctance; saying moodily, as he found a seat on the crumbling masonry: "Speak on, friend, but in an hour my train leaves for Madrid. If you can convince me before that time, well and good. If you fail, by Heaven, I will never set foot in Toledo again!"

The hunchback rested his thin elbows on his knees, and dropped his chin on his clasped hands.

"Said Mercedes any word of reproach to you, caballero? Did she imply that you had been to blame?"

Jacinto shook his head gloomily. "No, my friend. She could hardly cast our defeat in my teeth. When I bade her recollect that I had enlisted to fight the Cubans, not the Americans, she only wept and cried that she was all to blame. I could make nothing of it, indeed. What can she mean, think you, by declaring that it is her sin that has brought misfortune? And that she must expiate it by taking the veil? It is not sorrow for her grandfather. What priest has been filling her head with cobwebs? Is it true that she has an aunt who is in a convent in Madrid?"

"Wait, caballero, one question at a time," exclaimed Sebastiano, his little sal-low face alight with intelligence. "It is all as clear as daylight," and he smiled broadly.

"Diablo! then I am as blind as a mole."

The other's face sobered. "Listen," he said. "There is no need to tell you, Don Jacinto, all the history of the past two years—the anxiety, the suspense, the disturbances at home as well as the calamities that overtook us in Cuba and the Filipinos. All that you know." The soldier nodded gravely.

"But," continued the dwarf, "you do not know that while Mercedes' prayers and tears were for her country, in her heart it was for you that she cared most."

"And how know you that?"

"I have heard her—at night in her chamber, in the Cathedral, and among her flowers in the patio."

"You spied upon her!" exclaimed Jacinto, contemptuously.

The hunchback flushed darkly, he put his lean hand to his throat. "Is the dog that slinks at his mistress's heels a spy?" he cried, chokingly. "Ay, caballero, I followed her, I watched her, I lay outside of her door when she wept the night through. Had it been a faithful dog would you have

blamed him? And what else am I?" He dropped his head on his hands and his little figure quivered with emotion.

The young repatriado pulled his mustache gloomily. "Ay," he murmured, "it is so that some women would be loved!"

There was a long pause, filled by the low music of the river flowing on the rocks below. Then Don Jacinto laid his hand on the hunchback's shoulder.

"I ask your pardon, Don Sebastiano. But of what value were her prayers or her tears if she will have none of me now that I am come home?"

Angrily, the dwarf faced him. "If I tell you, you will call me spy! What is it to me that she will have none of you? I have nothing at stake."

"True," said Jacinto, drawing out his watch; "but time passes. If you have no more to say, then adios! I return to Madrid."

"Stop," cried the other hoarsely. "Stop! Madre de Dios! I would make her happy, whatever it cost me. She shall not eat out her heart behind convent walls. And she loves you. Dios mio! how she loves you!" He looked across at the handsome young repatriado, and his brows contracted as though with pain.

"This is the whole matter," he continued. "When Mercedes sent you to Cuba it was for the honor of Castile, was it not?"

"Ay, for honor's sake," said the soldier, with a bitter laugh.

"Then, when you were gone, it was not of honor she thought, but of your safety."

"That may be, it was like a woman," Jacinto assented. "And as she was sworn to marry no other man I may have had some value in her eyes."

"So much value, Don Jacinto, that she did what she believed to be the best way of ensuring your safety. She rang the bell of the Virgin of the Valley!"

As the dwarf paused impressively, Jacinto stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Hast gone mad, friend? What have I to do with the Virgin of the Valley?"

"What! have you never heard of the pilgrimages to the blessed Virgin in the Valley of the Tagus?"

"If I have, I have forgotten. Think you I can remember every idle superstition in Spain?"

Sebastiano rose to his feet. "Look, Don Jacinto! follow with your eyes the bend of the Tagus as it curves about the city. Across the river, on the slope of the rugged hillside, is the hermitage of the blessed Virgin. In the little tower there hangs a bell—and whoever pulls the rope and rings the bell will surely be married within the year!"

A skeptical smile flashed over Jacinto's face. "Is this true?" he asked, with lifted brows.

The little dwarf shrugged his crooked shoulders. "So they say, caballero. If any try it and fail, doubtless they are ashamed to publish the fact abroad. For myself—" and his pale lips twisted in a shadowy smile, "for myself I cannot say. I have never rung it."

"But Mercedes did?"

"Si, caballero. It was one cold, dark afternoon this last January. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and when the wind blew down from the mountains it whirled up the light flakes like sand. I was alone in the comedor, Don Pedro was in his chamber. Through the window I saw Mercedes cross the patio, wrapped in a heavy cloak with a silken kerchief tied about her head. She opened the door and went out. The skies were heavy, and promised snow; I followed her, for it was no time for a girl to be walking out alone. The streets were deserted, caballero, and I kept many paces behind her, that she might not see me and send me home. For then I supposed that she was going to the Cathedral or to some shrine to pray. How fast she walked! Her feet never failed her though the streets were slippery, and in some places the snow lay deep. I could scarce keep her in sight; but I hastened on breathlessly till she reached the river. There she turned and followed the bank as far as the ferry boat. I saw she meant to cross, and I waited till she

had landed on the other side; then I followed.

"All that time she never looked behind. The snow began to fall again, and the wind blew it in my eyes as I kept on up the slope. I knew, then, where she was going; for the hermitage was just before us. She reached it first, and I hid beside the road and waited, with my cloak muffling my face.

"Have you ever sat thus, listening, caballero? I could hear my heart beat and my ears sing. At last, the peal of the bell rang out, low and clear. The icy wind whirled it away; but I heard it, twice and thrice! And then, after a long, long pause, Mercedes came down the slope and passed me by, her light footsteps muffled in the snow. I followed her across the ferry as before, and through the darkening streets. Night had fallen when she reached home." The hunchback paused, and sighed.

"Such a happy face she wore for days," he added. "I read her thoughts, and it seemed to me, then, that such faith was a beautiful thing."

Jacinto had been listening breathlessly. "What think you she meant by it, Sebastiano?" he asked, doubtfully. "A woman is a riddle hard to read."

"Oh, but this much was simple. She had vowed to marry no man but you, and she believed the blessed Virgin would bring her a husband within the year. So it was evident that Don Jacinto must return to Toledo before its close."

"Most true," replied Jacinto, smiling. "And here I am—the blessed Virgin be praised!" and he lifted his sombrero.

"But—" interrupted the dwarf, "Don Jacinto had vowed not to return until the war was at an end."

"She did not know it," cried the young man, "unless you told her."

Sebastiano nodded. "Si, caballero, I had told her all that happened before the Cristo. It was this knowledge that convinced her afterwards of the sin of interfering with destiny. For look you! In order for Don Jacinto to return within the year, it was necessary for the war to end,—and that the war might be brought to a

speedy close Providence permitted los Americanos to take a hand,—with the result that we all know."

"What are you saying?" cried Jacinto incredulously.

"That Dona Mercedes, for the sake of a husband, has sacrificed her country," replied Sebastiano, with a grave face but twinkling eyes.

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Jacinto. "Does she believe this, think you?"

"It is a woman's logic," said Sebastiano, shrugging his shoulders. "And you know, caballero, a woman's conscience is a strange thing, it is perpetually devising new ways to torment its owner."

Peal after peal of hearty laughter rang out on the quiet air, and the merry sounds were echoed back and forth along the valley of the Tagus. Sebastiano looked grimly on, as his light hearted companion threw off, in this burst of merriment, the weight of disappointment that had burdened his spirit all the afternoon.

"Nombre de Dios!" Jacinto exclaimed at last. "Does she think the destiny of nations could turn on the love charm of a girl? Caspita! It is miraculous!"

Sebastiano faced him with a shrewd smile. "Caballero, is it not a stranger thing that women—ay, and men, too—can believe that El Senor Dios in Heaven will permit any saint in the calendar, or even the blessed Virgin herself, to interfere with His divine plans? Think you that destiny turns, like a weathercock in the wind, at the breath of every prayer that is uttered? No, caballero. Fate—destiny—Providence—call it what you will, it never changes. I believe—" and the little dwarf, with burning eyes, sprang up and stretched forth a meager arm toward the city, "I believe, when the first stone was laid in Toledo, the hour of her decay was set! When Spain was at the height of her glory, the day of her humiliation was appointed! And in our little lives it is the same. Before we draw breath, every joy and every sorrow is laid in our path, and we must walk it, whether we will or no; for there is not a saint in

heaven can change one day's happenings for good or evil."

Jacinto shook his head slowly, and lifted his shoulders.

"Perhaps, friend," he said, "perhaps. Yet as long as there is any doubt, 'tis as well to have the good saints on our side. For see, I will give you a parable:

"The sereno who at night patrols the street in Madrid where my father lives, is a surly fellow. Many a time, when I was younger, it angered me greatly, when I came home late from the cafe or the opera, to wait his convenience ere I could enter our door. He swung his lantern with an air of menace, and pulled the great key from his belt as though he meant to draw a dagger on me. Yet I always spoke him fair, and never failed to bestow a real or two for gratification; because, see you, my father is a strict disciplinarian, and though as thou knowest I have ever been a temperate and sober youth, it might mischance, sometime, that I would need the sereno's good offices to help me climb the stair to our apartments on the second floor! And thus I argue," he continued with twinkling eyes, "that it is best not to forget to pay our little dues, and to make interest with the blessed Saint Peter, that he may not shake his key in our faces when we reach the door of Heaven!"

The dwarf maintained a dubious silence; so Jacinto went on, with a sigh: "But this has naught to do with Mercedes. She doubtless thinks that she sinned in ringing the bell; but how can she expiate it in a convent? She will convict the blessed Virgin of fraud unless she is a bride within the year."

"Ah, caballero, have you not yet seen the end of this tangled coil? For her sin she will renounce you, Don Jacinto; but in taking the veil she becomes the bride of heaven."

"Diablo!" cried the soldier, "thou hast the devil's own wit, friend!"

Sebastiano smiled, and hugged himself silently.

"But what is to be done, think you?" the young man asked, anxiously. "It

would be an evil thing to throw ridicule upon her faith."

"Madre de Dios! it would be a black-hearted deed," cried Sebastiano.

"Our women of Castile," continued Jacinto, "have been famous always for three things—their beauty, their patriotism, and their piety."

"She has all three," declared her cousin.

"Caramba! I'll not dispute it, since it was her beauty first captured my heart, her patriotism that banished me to Cuba, and now—"

"And now it is only by appealing to her pious faith that Mercedes will ever be won," added the dwarf, pondering deeply. Suddenly, he looked up with a twinkling smile. "I have it, caballero, there is but one way. You must do exactly what she did," and he nodded wisely.

Jacinto looked puzzled for an instant, then his face lit up.

"I see," he cried, eagerly, "and to make sure, this will be the alternative—" and he drew out a little dagger with a tarnished silver hilt. Sebastiano's face flushed as he recognized it, and he sighed.

"Ay, it will do no harm; but it is on the Virgin of the Valley that you must depend."

"Lead the way, then!" cried Jacinto, gaily. "I will show you how merrily a marriage bell should ring!"

* * *

The dusk of the October evening had closed in. Under the lamp, in the little comedor, sat Mercedes, bending over the bit of needle work in her hands. In the two years that had passed by, the lines of her slim figure had rounded into maturity, but her face had lost little of its childish contour. And yet, there was a shadow on her cheek, beneath the fringe of silken lashes, that told a tale of sorrowful, sleepless nights, and her soft, red lips were compressed in a pathetic curve.

The evening meal had been unusually silent; and now her little hunchback cousin, in old Don Pedro's chair on the other side of the table, was watching her dumbly, with wistful eyes. From time to

time, he put his hand up to his throat, and a heavy sigh shook his thin little frame.

"Does anything ail thee, Chano?" asked the girl, laying down her sewing to look at him.

A shake of the head was the only response, and she went on with her work as before.

Presently, at a knock on the gate without, Sebastiano rose and left the room.

"She is in there alone, caballero," he said to the young soldier, as he admitted him.

Jacinto pushed open the door and entered; but the hunchback remained outside in the dark patio, and through the window he saw Mercedes' start of surprise as she looked up and recognized her visitor.

"Dona Mercedes," said Jacinto, gravely, "when I left you this morning I never thought to cross this threshold again; but heaven has willed it otherwise. I have come to make a last appeal to you."

She motioned him to a chair, saying softly, with a break in her voice:

"It is useless, caballero. My determination is fixed. Before the year is out I shall take the veil, and end my days as the bride of heaven."

At these words, he drew the little dagger from his breast and held it out to her across the table.

"Once," he said, "I told you that there were wounds deeper than this could inflict, and your answer was: 'But they do not kill!'—On the day that you enter the convent I shall sheathe this in my heart."

The girl paled visibly, her lip trembled and she turned her face away from him. The slightest flicker of a smile twinkled for an instant in Jacinto's eyes; then, with profound gravity, he continued:

"I have sworn, by the grave of my mother—rest her soul—and by all I hold sacred, to marry no other woman. Without you, life will be worthless to me. So that is the alternative, Mercedes."

Still she was silent, with eyes downcast.

Jacinto bit his lip. It would be tragic to fail now. Leaning across the table, he whispered, in a voice that thrilled her:

"I am not without hope, beloved, for I

believe that heaven intends us for each other.—Can you guess where I have been since we parted?"

"Where?" asked the girl, nervously.

"I made a pilgrimage to the blessed Virgin of the Valley, and I rang the bell of the hermitage!"

She faced him then, with startled eyes.

"What prompted you to do that, Jacinto? Tell me the truth, as you value your salvation!"

It was a crucial moment, and Don Jacinto hesitated; but realizing that this was an occasion when equivocation was both lawful and expedient, since the end amply justified the means, he replied tenderly:

"What could prompt me, light of my soul, save love for thee?"

For one instant Mercedes paused, as

though weighing the situation by the light of this new development. There was but one course open to her, for the scales turned in favor of life and love. Her great dark eyes, swimming with unshed tears, met the ardent gaze of the young soldier, and the warm blood surged up in her pale cheeks.

"Jacinto! Jacinto mio!" she cried, impulsively. "Surely—surely it is the will of heaven!" and she stretched out her hands to him across the table.

At that moment, amid the shadows of the dim patio, the little hunchback covered his eyes, to shut out the picture framed in the shining square of the open window; then he rushed out into the night; and, behind him, there was a mournful creaking of rusty hinges, as the green door closed.

The End.

IN LIGHT AND LIFE

THE longing of grass for the rain and of
flowers for the sun,
Is less than my longing to be where the
sweet waters run,
Where afar on the hills, the blue haze tells
me winter is done.

The madness of joy in the heart of the
bird on the wing
Is less than the rapture that floods all my
soul as I sing,
When up from the South comes the quick-
ening breath of the spring.

The yearning that throbs in the heart of
a passionate pain
Is less than my yearning for things I may
never attain
While soul so depends upon sense for its
good and its gain.

The burning desire of the rose for the
glow of the sun
Is less than the thwarting I feel in a hope
first begun,
When out of youth's vortex of passion a
purpose was won.

The longing of anchorite steadfast in
prayer and in praise
Is less than my longing to mix, in the
wind and the haze
Of the hills and the sky, with the Infinite
nature obeys:

To make myself one with the rose and the
stream and the sweep
Of the wonderful arch of the heavens so
blue and so deep,
And, grown to immortal from mortal, to
dream as asleep.

Lewis Worthington Smith

N Convictions N

By Anna Farquhar

THE MENTALITY OF MUSCLE

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously the celebrated Russian, Tolstoi, has recently acquired a considerable following among American men noted for unusual qualities of mind and professionally engaged in brain work. It is surprising to find members of the learned professions scattered about sequestered country places during the summer months, spending their time at hard manual labor by way of recreation. A professor of science may be seen in overalls and a battered straw hat cheerfully pumping the water that supplies his summer house; a Bishop, similarly attired, digs potatoes, or a lawyer works in his tool house sawing and hammering his brains into renewed energy. It is evident that either the New England Transcendentalists planted seeds at Brook farm which have sprouted individually rather than collectively throughout their native land, or that Tolstoi has not fived in vain; possibly both, for the roots of a large idea expressed through the medium of a great life can not be exterminated. At any rate there prevails among Americans celebrated for brain power, the belief in change of labor as the one effective means of rest; the belief that mind and muscle make an excellent team properly trained in harness and that mere basking, lizard fashion, is unequal to out-of-door industry as a means of recuperation from mental excess. Muscles go lamely unhitched from mental

direction; mind leaks its motive power unstimulated by muscular exercise. Man would vehemently condemn the Creator were the world, or the entire Solar system, to lose its balance, but he counts it his own puny privilege to drop the scales of existence to either side it may please his temporary convenience or indolence; but if one out of every thousand men has at this date realized the supreme law of nature—balance—there is hope for future generations.



THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

FOLLOWING the customs of older countries, American men of comfortable means are in increasing numbers buying up tracts of waste lands abandoned by New England or Nova Scotian farmers, and settling down for half the year into the role of country gentleman able to supply money and enterprise to the more experienced farmers employed by them to till their acquired soil. This is an encouraging agricultural sign, for otherwise, farming, in certain sections of North America, would decline beyond all hope of resuscitation.

An intelligent Nova Scotian farmer, whose neighborhood has wasted away during the past century from a prosperous settlement of gentlemen Loyalists to an impoverished section of neglected and abandoned farms, declares that an American gentleman, who makes his summer home

at this place and hires a neighborhood farmer to cultivate his many acres throughout the year, does more towards the prosperity of the entire country than would a dozen small farmers were they to take up the waste lands there. This is, to his mind, because the man of means, besides paying large taxes, brings new ideas and a modern activity into an anaemic community whose sons have gone west or to the cities.

In all classes of society there may be heard expressed a constantly growing desire for residence in the country, away from the nervous noise of city life; but men and women trained to uninterrupted mental activity would find continued pastoral existence a rust on their souls did they not carry with them this same energy into pastures and fields, where it inevitably finds profitable outlet.

An intelligent farmer surrounded by neighbors of his own mental calibre would find leisure and opportunities for the most desirable culture; and were such conditions to arrive very generally—somewhat owing to the close connecting link extending between town and country at the present time—a particularly fine class of gentlemen would, after several generations, exist where the truest life is to be found—hand in hand with nature. This was the case among the Virginian colonists. Such conditions are extant in all countries of ancient lineage, and it would seem from watching the weathervanes of American civilization that we are reaching the mellowed maturity productive of such results. Moreover, this appears to be the only means of redeeming the rich farm lands along the Atlantic coast from absolute degeneracy, and it also solves a large question pertaining to the increasing leisure classes in the United States. The idea knits the two ends of American history firmly together. Into the blood of past generations, thinned beyond recognition, will thereby be injected the strenuous impulse of this animated period, and agricultural pursuits, the backbone of every nation, may thus receive fitting recognition and support.

THE COMFORTABLE HOUSEWIFE

IF you will watch three or four young chickens chasing worms among the grass-blades, you will see personified the typical housewife who stands for perfection in all details of her profession. Restless, uneasy, forever on the run, here and there, bent on the things of the stomach go the chicks; so with the housewife who fails to advance alongside women of other professions.

Without doubt housekeeping is the oldest and most respected profession for women, and for that very reason should lead the procession of reforms. If a woman typewriter, stenographer, doctor, actress or author should prove herself fidgety at her work, after the manner of the average good housekeeper, she would herself sound the death knell to all hopes of her own success at her chosen occupation; but the housewife hurries along neglecting two great requisites of perfection—comfort of the spirit (both her own and other people's) and repose, without which no perfection is attained. It is unanimously conceded that the best work is done with no apparent effort, and the actually accomplished housewife carries on her domestic operations unostentatiously, noiselessly and still successfully. The methods of the typical housewife are like castor oil—to be taken for the sake of the good they are supposed to have done somebody, but with small comfort in them.

Ostensibly, the first purpose of the housekeeper is to establish the comfort of those for whom she labors. Cooking and house-cleaning are primarily intended for the health and comfort of surrounding individuals; but the instant the effort attendant upon these occupations becomes apparently strained and nervous the housekeeper fails utterly in the main business of her life. There are women emersed in all sorts of extraneous duties, sneeringly called advanced or emancipated, whose homes are conducted more smoothly than that of the fussy housekeeper possessed of a mind warped and twisted through unswerving allegiance to unnecessary details

of housekeeping. To be sure, the broader-minded woman does not do the actual labor herself, but she is gifted with, or has cultivated, the executive ability which demands and receives the best work of those she employs. The noble art of housekeeping should begin at the word comfort, and whenever a woman finds her family uncomfortable in small matters she would undoubtedly find a remedy within herself were she strong-minded enough to look there for deficiencies, which may prove to be excess of housekeeping as readily as the other extreme of domestic carelessness.

Housekeeping is a nervous business at best, requiring especial predilection on the part of an aspirant, and for that reason the wearing details should be avoided after they are once disposed of comfortably; otherwise her life is bound to become limited and uneasy; conditions detrimental to all concerned.

THE CONVIVIAL HABIT

THE temperance question assumes ever new and various phases with the lengthening of Uncle Sam's arm, but there are a few facts abiding, though unpopular, that appear to slip by the calculations of reformers.

The root of American intemperance can only be dug up and exterminated by eliminating, or reforming, the established social habits of American men when collected in friendly groups made up exclusively of their own sex. Break up the habit of treating and within five years, it is safe to say, temperance societies could retire from the field. As women intemperately clog their stomachs in a social exchange of candy and soda water, so men go farther than they personally wish to,

nine times out of ten, in the act of treating and being treated.

Let six men—no matter whether they be college undergraduates or Gloucester fishermen—chance to meet in the neighborhood of a bar; every man among them may be entirely satisfied after the first "set up" of drinks, but there is an unwritten law of etiquette few men will break—that having once accepted a man's treat it must be returned at once—a poor form of hospitality at best, this giving and taking. After each of the six has performed his social duty 'tis not surprising that the crowd becomes irresponsible. Few men drink alone, and even fewer desire to be drunkards; victims to friendship fill the drunkards' graves.

Not long since such a wreck assured me that he would return to the decent living of his youth if he could have the world to himself. "Tisn't the bar; it's the fellow you find there ready to treat that knocks out a man's principles," said he, hopelessly.

If the workers in the temperance union would go about pledging men to drink by themselves if they drink at all the results would be immediate and encouraging.

Moreover, if at the same time they would begin a crusade against the intemperance of women where sweets are concerned they might forestall great hereditary evil. The habit of self indulgence along the lines of appetite is degenerating the ranks of American motherhood more seriously than would be credited at first thought. In a land of liberty the law cannot take away the freedom of the individual, therefore the law cannot forbid a man or woman to make a pig of himself or herself, but public opinion might. Where is public opinion?





THE CUB'S SCOOP

WHEN the Cub walked up to the City Editor's desk for his first assignment, that functionary bestowed a bored glance upon him and gave a snort of disgust. Then he laid down his blue pencil and smiled—a smile that rippled slowly up from the corners of his mouth and stopped before it reached his eyes.

The editorial machinery in the "Banner" office had not been running smoothly that day. Blodgett had fallen down woefully on his story of the quarrel in the board of aldermen; an accident in the press room had put the morning edition an hour behind, enabling the rival sheet to score a triumphant scoop on the murder case at the North End; and various other little matters had combined to excite the ire of the City Editor.

After 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon he was usually rather good-natured than otherwise, and over the first sheets, damp from the press, would joke quite sociably with the "boys." Before the first rumble and whirr in the basement that announced the end of his labor for the day, he was a machine—with numerous little cogged wheels ready to grind off unwary fingers; possessed of a deep-seated distrust of the world in general, and cub reporters in particular. Wherefore, when the newest thing in that line descended on him this

afternoon with an angelic smile and a huge notebook prominently in evidence, he considered that insult was being heaped on injury and grew polite accordingly.

Now, when the City Editor—prior to 4.30 o'clock—laid down his blue pencil and spoke politely, the oldest reporters—those who knew him best—were accustomed to slip away quite quietly and without ostentation into the hallway, or out upon the stairs, or up into the composing room until the City Editor's ruffled feelings had been soothed. This afternoon he was very polite indeed, and the police court man and the reporter who did the races stole softly from the room on tiptoe with awed looks on their faces.

The Cub fingered a corner of his notebook lovingly. "Have you—er—anything for me to-day, sir?"

The City Editor disliked, above most other things, being addressed as "sir." His wrathful glance wandered slowly around the room, to the clock, the telephone booth, down the row of reporters' desks, and finally back to the chaotic heap of proofs and copy before him. He picked up his blue pencil and ran it savagely through a flowery sentence in a fire story, then, "You might see the Governor and find out whether he is going to pardon Weston," he said slowly, and the Cub turned away with a mildly surprised look

in his blue eyes and took his notebook and his angelic smile down into the press room, where for a time he watched the great machines being oiled and petted preparatory to converting a few miles of white paper into a symposium of the world's doings.

Now, it was an unwritten precept in the "Banner" office that a cub who bungled his first assignment would better seek other fields, and the Governor had already refused positively to be interviewed on this subject. A street car strike had occurred a few weeks earlier and Weston, one of the striking conductors, stood convicted of shooting a "scab." The evidence against him had been purely circumstantial; the jury had disagreed several times, and had taken three days to finally bring in a verdict of guilty. Public opinion was largely in the prisoner's favor, and great pressure was being brought to bear on the Governor to obtain a pardon.

Reporters innumerable had waylaid him daily and endeavored to extort some expression of his intentions, without avail. The star reporter of the "Banner" office had tried and failed. The Cub had overheard him telling a group in the reporter's room that the Governor had declined to speak of the case. Rather odd, the Cub thought, that he should be expected to succeed where an experienced man had failed.

* * *

The Governor sat in his library that evening, with a perplexed brow, debating whether he should grant the pardon or not. He placed small dependence on circumstantial evidence, and in his heart felt half convinced of the man's innocence. But the railroad officials believed Weston guilty, and if he granted the pardon their influence would be thrown against him in the coming election. The fight had been close before. He had held the favor of the people rather than the capitalists, and he knew that if the influence of the railroad officials was used against him, he would certainly be defeated. Yet, if he could convince himself of the man's innocence he would not hesitate.

In the midst of his musing there came a message that a young woman wished to see him. He directed that she should be admitted, and a moment later she stood before him, gazing at him shyly through a black veil. She was dressed simply in black, and her hands, small and white, clasped and unclasped nervously while she struggled to control her evident emotion.

The Governor's visitor sank into the proffered chair, leaned forward and slowly pushing back the veil from her face met his inquiring glance with softly pleading eyes in which the tears seemed ready to overflow.

"Oh, sir," she said, in a low, tear-choked voice, "you look so good, so kind, that I am sure you will not refuse my prayer."

The Governor regarded her kindly, encouragingly. He had a gentle heart, and daughters of his own. "What is it that you want?" he queried.

The girl suddenly sank on her knees before him, with tightly clasped hands upraised and eyes fixed imploringly on his face, and said, with a pitiful little break in her voice, "I want you to pardon Frank Weston."

The Governor bent forward and gently raised her up, with a troubled look in his fine gray eyes.

"But child," he said, "he has been found guilty of a very grave crime. Heaven knows I wish to be merciful, and at the same time just. Should I pardon him, I might be condoning a crime."

"But sir!" she cried quickly, "he isn't guilty. It's all a horrible mistake," with such a note of perfect confidence in her voice that the Governor smiled.

"Then you are quite sure he is innocent?" said he.

"Quite sure," she said simply.

The Governor rose and paced slowly up and down the room, his head bent in thought while the girl's gaze followed him anxiously. Stopping at last before her he queried, "You are his—sister?"

"I am to be his—wife," she answered proudly, flinging back her head with a little imperious motion.



H

IERE are two cooks.

Each has a rare

Idea of how to cook a hare.

Yet all their cleverness is naught

Until the hare itself is caught.

The Governor's eyes grew strangely tender, and his voice was very kindly when he said, "Guilty or not, he's a lucky man to have such a loyal defender—and," he added slowly, half to himself, "were he guilty, I don't believe he would, or could, deceive you."

The girl looked at him gratefully. "Believe me, sir," she said, "he is innocent."

The Governor took another turn about the room, then stopping before his visitor, looked down upon her with a quizzical expression in his eyes. "You give me your personal guarantee that he is not guilty of the crime of which he has been convicted?" he asked, half gravely, half playfully, and the girl answered eagerly, "I do," as though her assurance of his innocence settled the matter conclusively.

The Governor seated himself at his desk, drew a sheet of paper toward him, picked up a pen, wrote several lines and in a firm, bold hand signed his name.

"Here is the pardon," he said, "you may deliver it in person," and he held it toward her.

The girl grasped it eagerly. "Oh sir," she cried gratefully, "you have done justice to an innocent man. You will surely be rewarded."

The Governor smiled a little grimly at thought of what the reward of his action would probably be, and said gently, "I hope so."

* * *

At ten o'clock the next day the Cub was observed at a spare desk, working away most industriously, with as much notice from the City Editor as he bestowed upon the flies on the ceiling. At 12 o'clock he wandered up to the City Editor's desk and laid a pile of neatly written copy a half inch thick before him. That functionary picked it up with a bored gesture, glanced carelessly over the first few pages, grunted inquiringly, then turned to the Cub, looked at him curiously, smiled—with his eyes, this time—and spoke to him quite gruffly, as he did when he was especially pleased.

"Where did you get the facts?" he queried.

"From the Governor," the Cub replied.

"I have the pardon here," extracting that interesting document from his pocket.

The City Editor gasped. "Where—how—did you get it?"

"Asked the Governor for it last night," answered the Cub innocently. "I'm going to take it down to Weston as soon as the paper goes to press."

Maitland Leroy Osborne



BILLS PAYABLE

SHE spends her days teaching book keeping to numberless inexperienced youths of both sexes—ambitious creatures, for the most part, fleeing from the thralldom of the farm to the more uncertain thralldom of office work. Honesty and frugality, connected with earnestness of purpose, the most of them possess, but—she grows very tired of her work in the big room, which is partitioned off in approved style into bank, warehouse, and other business offices.

All day they buy and sell imaginary lots of grain and sugar and salt, write checks, receipts, and, after all other necessary formulas, enter the transactions on their day books and ledgers, and every day some of them make the same blunders—sell their checks and bank their grain, and thus weariness is wrought in her soul.

For what profits it a woman to have liquid gray eyes, crinkly brown hair, and a calm manner, to have a figure that lends grace and distinction to a cotton shirt waist and last year's skirt, when her life seems concerned merely with earnest young souls who struggle over balance sheets?

Something of this occurs to her to-day, as she wrestles with the uncomprehending mind of a newcomer. The afternoon sun sifts through the window, across the bank, and again through the cashier's window, and falls on her erect figure and the flushed face of the struggler at her side.

"This, you understand, represents the money on deposit," she says patiently.

The brawny youth knots his face in thought.

"What do you keep in the bank?" she goes on.

He struggles silently with the situation, and she encourages him.

"Now think. What is on deposit, subject to your order?"

Another internal wrestling match, and the answer is discharged, like a stone from a catapult.

"Bills payable!"

There is a smothered laugh in the distance, and she has a feeling that some one is looking at the back of her head, and turns around.

It is no new thing to have the president of this thriving college pilot distinguished visitors through the building, and the few who look at the teacher as she turns cannot see why her face should go so white on the instant. A tall stranger, lingering behind the visiting party, seems to notice the little woman intently, but he looks levelly into her eyes without a sign of recognition. She stands a moment, pale and still, then leaves her pupil's desk and walks steadily across the large room until the high counter and screen hide her from view.

* * *

It is with lagging step that she leaves the building that evening and takes her way down a quiet street. At the first corner she meets a man whom she would pass with high head and cold face, but he bars the way and stands a moment, looking down into her eyes, not calmly, as he did a short time ago, but sternly.

"Haven't you had about enough of this kind of life?" he asks.

"Let me by!" she bursts out angrily. "I am satisfied, and if I were not—it is nothing to you."

He stoops a little toward her and speaks quickly.

"It is everything to me—and to you too. How am I to blame? I could not make your aunt's will over after she was dead, but I was anxious enough to give the property back—even without the encumbrance of myself upon it, for you made it plain enough that you would not take me, with or without it."

"This does no good," she says in a choked voice. "Let me go."

"Yes, I will let you go when I have told you one thing. I must detain you on the street for this, as you would not see me if I went to your home. I go away next month, in the interests of a South African syndicate, and I shall leave the money your—our Aunt Amanda willed to me, on deposit subject to your order, at the Hide and Leather bank of this place. My con-



"She meets a man whom she would pass with high head and cold face."

nection with it ceases here, and I shall never touch it again. It rests with you to take it or let it alone. Now you may go!" He steps back against the fence, resting one hand upon it, to let her pass. She has been red and white by turns, and as he speaks his last words, in almost a tone of command, she gives him one quick, appealing glance, which meets with no response, drops her head and takes a step or two, then halts a moment immediately in front of him, and glances up, with a pitiful curve of her lip.

"Are you going for—always?"

His face is still stern, but the curving lip and quivering voice conquer him, and his eyes light, though he does not move.

"Sweetheart," he says, tenderly, "sup-

pose that a man loved a woman so much that his whole life seemed nothing but a longing to be near her—to see her, and that when she denied him, in place of giving up all thought of her, he kept on alone, adding every day to his store of love for her—”

She has almost imperceptibly moved about as he speaks until she stands very close to his arm, with his hand as it rests on the fence behind her, and her face fairly brushing his shoulder. Now she looks up and softly interrupts him.

“‘Bills payable,’ my dear,” she whispers. “I must try to correct our balance sheet.”

May Belleville Brown



UNCLE NED'S SEASON

IT'S mollywad time, an' the papaws 'll be
All a bustin' now, ripe an' luscious;
The muscadine vines on the sycamore tree
Will be gittin' good black an' gushious;
The hick'rynut trees, turned as yaller as
gold,

Air jest about ready for thrashin';
The scuppernongs, too, air juicy an' cold,
An' air gittin' jest right for mashin'.

The sand berries down in the hollers 'll go
Powerful good afore long for munchin',
An' haws, red an' black, that along the
creeks grow,

Ain't a gwine to be bad for crunchin'.
Persimmons 'll be mighty-fine afore long,
An' the locusts, too, I'm a thinkin',
An' 'twon't be a year 'fore the beer 'll be
strong

O' simmons an' locusts for drinkin'.

It's cucklebur time, too, along with the
rest,

An' they 'll cling to you like a brother;
The beggar lice gather on one side, a pest,
While Spanish needles stick on t'other.
But, nevertheless, thar is narry day lost
For me when the October breezes
Come swingin' along with a breath o' the
frost

'At comes jest ahead o' the freezes.

Charles Sloan Reid

AN OFFICE SEEKER

A MAN sat on an iron seat near one of the flights of steps leading to the Capitol. He was slowly writing with the stub of a pencil in a small note-book which lay on his knee.

About his appearance clung the unmistakable signs of a man in hard lines—rusty garments, rustier shoes, threatening collapse, frayed collar and cuffs, and a shirt front that had seen much service.

The writer paid no heed to the passing groups, but his whole mind seemed centered in the words that grew on the page before him. A glance at this may better explain the circumstances of his present environment.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—I am without shelter or money—I shall have to beg a stamp to send this. For the past two weeks I have slept around on benches in the parks, in alleys among garbage, and have eaten—God knows where, or not at all. I have tramped around after politicians, day after day, fed by idle promises, until my soul is sick within me, and my heart has lost its hope. There is nothing before me. Your father will permit you to come back to him—you and the little one. As for me, my life has seemed a hapless failure. God bless you, and forgive me.—JOHN.”

When John Glave had finished his letter, he read it over slowly, then closed the book and put it in his pocket. Crowning the hill above him arose the white sculptured dream. How beautiful it was. The graceful marble dome seemed a floating cloud-like bubble in an ethereal sea of blue. What an easy step from its topmost height into eternity.

The man arose and began to climb the broad flight of steps that led upward. When the entrance was reached, he wandered through long vaulted corridors, pillared halls, and flight after flight of circling steps, until he stood at last on the balcony surrounding the dome.

The place was occupied, two guides were there, conducting parties of tourists, among them the perennial young married couple on their wedding trip. The happiness of these two flooded his heart with a sudden recollection of other days, and swerved him from the purpose he had in view. He could not help but shudder at the dizzy height, and at the thought of the

horrible mutilation that must result from a leap into space.

He would wait a while, at least until they had gone down—then he thought of the smaller balcony, just below the statue of Liberty. No one seemed to be up there, but the door opening to the flight of steps leading to it was locked, and he could go no higher.

He mechanically followed in the wake of the bridal party, and heard the guide point out the different objects of interest to be seen from this altitude. In the distance the tall shaft of Washington's monument pierced the sky like a stone lance, and further beyond, lay the gleaming river and the heights of Arlington.

He followed the happy couple down the stairs and out of the Capitol, when a waiting cab hurried them from his sight. An hour or two later he found himself at the river. At one spot an oyster boat was landing, and when he had lent a helping hand in the matter of casting a rope about a stake, the good-natured owner pressed upon him a double handful of oysters in their shells.

"He looks sick and hungry," the oysterman said to his mate.

John Glave was more than hungry, he was half famished, and calling out his gratitude, he quickly gathered up the oysters, and went to look for a stone on which to open them, with the aid of a broken knife.

He laboriously opened the shells, one after another, gulping down the contents eagerly. When he had eaten seven or eight, he came near breaking a tooth on some hard substance in one of them. He spat this out and continued with the feast until the oysters were all gone, after which he sat looking regretfully at the empty shells.

Then he caught sight of the substance he had spit out. It was not a piece of shell, as he had supposed, but was pear-shaped and of a lustrous satiny finish.

In wonder he picked it up, and looked at it more closely, then slowly the knowledge dawned on him that he had made a discovery. For a time he gazed in a sort of spellbound fascination at the object in his hand, and hope sprang up anew in his

heart. Perhaps this was a turning point in his misfortunes, a stay of execution.

He wrapped the lustrous object carefully in a leaf of the note-book, and turned his steps toward the city once more.

After wandering about for some little time, he decided on trying a handsome establishment on one of the principal streets. The jeweler carefully examined the article under a microscope, weighed it and finally called his partner from an inner office.

"John Glave!" exclaimed the young man, as he came forward, and close upon the words the owner of the name found himself shaking hands with an old schoolmate, of whom he had lost track.

When the two jewelers had made a second examination of the pear-shaped object, the younger man turned to his old friend.

"John, this is quite a valuable pearl. If it matches one for which we have been commissioned to find a duplicate it will easily bring five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars!" echoed John breathlessly, a thousand thoughts flashing into his brain. That meant a new start in life.

"Yes, and I am confident it will prove a duplicate, both in size and color. In the meantime, you are to go home with me."

"But"—stammered John with a downward glance at his appearance, then stopped.

"That is all right," his friend hastened to say in an undertone. "I have enough faith in the pearl to be willing to advance you something on it," and he thrust into his friend's hand several bills. "Come back when you get ready," he added cordially.

But before John Glave purchased a new suit of clothes, he hastened to the nearest telegraph office, and sent two dispatches, one to the postmaster at his home, the other to his wife.

The first one read:

"Hold letter from me to my wife, until I see you.—JOHN GLAVE."

The other:

"Will be home within a day or two, and bring good news.—JOHN."

Henry Cleveland Wood

COMMONSENSE COMMUNICATIONS

By Mrs. Mary Worthington

AMONG the letters received by the National Magazine, are many containing questions of interest so important and general that they seem to us worthy of a public answer. Mrs. Mary Worthington will, from a long and varied experience, consider and answer all such questions in this department, which is intended to unite us even closer in personal understanding to our readers.

* * *

Is it best for a man or woman who has married a second time to refer in complimentary terms to a deceased wife or husband in the presence of the second one?

On general principle it is unwise to praise any absent person to excess in the presence of those who seek our favor. There are very few second husbands or wives who do not conceal more or less jealousy of a predecessor. If a man has been perfectly mated once he never marries again except in search of bodily comfort, and the second wife is made uneasy by having this fact ground into her when he talks of his first wife's superiority. If the second venture is his true marriage he will have no desire to speak of a previous experience. Nothing could be more tactless, if not unkind, unless it be the proverbial reference to the superiority of his mother's housekeeping, than this sort of aggravation. Usually the marital partner covers his or her feelings on the subject, but way down deep a hornet has stung. People marry for all sorts of reasons disguised under the mantle of love; but it is a foolish man or woman who risks family peace by saying, "My first wife was a great hand at this or that," or "My first husband never asked me what I did with the dollar he gave me last week." No—make the best of what you have bargained for. If you are counting the cost too late try to raise the value of the goods in hand, but don't hark back to better bargains.

Ought a young man living in the country or in a village try to keep up with the city fashions he sees among summer boarders and in advertisements? If so, what is the best way to do it?

That depends upon the amount of money he has at his disposal and upon the kind of life he leads. The extremes of fashion advertised and illustrated in certain periodicals belong only to extreme people, and are seldom followed in detail by the majority of well-dressed people even in great cities. The best-dressed man and woman are the ones who attract the least attention by their clothes. Either in town or country a man can have the good taste never to be loud in the color of his clothes or neckties, just as a refined taste teaches him not to swagger in his walk. Among the fashions catalogued by great city firms and sent into the most remote districts a young man may be sure to find the right thing for himself if, in choosing a style, he remembers the difference between his life and that of a city society man, and chooses with an eye to what would become his particular face and figure. Sack coats are safer than those of any other cut except for the best dressing, because they become almost any figure. Serge or tweed suits, plain blue or black in color, cannot fail to look gentleman-like, and gaudy neckties are always wrong, no matter if some particular city swell has been seen in them. A good many city swells fall far short of refinement in dress. First look neat and clean, then use the quietest taste you have or can get—there is no fear of the result.

* * *

Why do most girls lately graduated from college have such a peculiar walk; something like a man who follows the plough and something like a sailor just home from a voyage?

Because the great majority of fashionable, or semi-fashionable girls, whether they go to college or not, affect the walk of male college undergraduates. In doing this they fail to take into consideration the

difference between their build and that of their brothers, cousins and friends. The result is often a ludicrous spectacle, funnier than a man trying to walk in petticoats. College is not responsible for this. Women went to college long before this affectation came in; no, it comes from the first extreme of a new idea which later simmers down into a happy medium. Poor Dr. Mary Walker thought she could not vote without making herself ridiculous in man's attire. Just so the extreme modern girl thinks she must walk and talk like a man if she is to thoroughly enjoy her privileges of co-education and social liberty. Give her time and she will believe that a lady can cast a ballot without wearing trousers of any sort, and that she can take a degree without swaggering, hands in pocket.

* * *

Where and how shall an extravagant young man begin to save when he becomes engaged to be married? I do not know how to begin.

Begin by examining into the luxuries your life contains and decide which you must do without. If you earn a small salary you will be forced to forgo them anyway after marriage until your business interests pick up, so it is wisest to begin by making a habit of saving a few cents every day off of whatever may be your own particular vice. The first principle of successful marriage is self denial; the sooner you begin to study that the better. A tailor or a bottle of household ammonia will keep your clothes looking well much longer than you suspect if you have never tried wearing them a second or third season. Save on the small things and the big ones will walk alone. Dollars make legs of the pennies and nickles upon which either to go or come. Stop borrowing small sums. One dollar borrowed is a hundred stolen from your future.

* * *

How am I to stop my children from eternally asking questions? They wear me out.

It seems to be impossible to stop children from asking questions. In my opinion, the best way to do is to direct those questions intelligently and to teach yourself to consider answering them as part of your own education. If you were to go to Paris for the first time don't you think you would stare about curiously and ask constant questions? Naturally you would, and just as naturally do the little minds work in front of an interrogation point when they first come into this new and wonderful world. It is by means of these to you, tiresome questions that they first begin to educate themselves. Teach them to stop and think for themselves before asking and they will make a game of their own curiosity and so rest your nerves somewhat—rest that you undoubtedly need in the midst of so many domestic cares.

* * *

How shall a man who feels only a lukewarm interest in the government of his country, all the time wishing he felt more ardent patriotic interest, cultivate that feeling?

Ardent patriotism is something dormant, only to be aroused by special occasions like the Civil or Spanish-American war; but steady, unflinching patriotism can be cultivated by taking an active part as a unit in the government, by attending primaries, the present source of political evil, and once there lifting up your voice in opposition to chicanery. You say in reply to this "What is the use? I'm only a drop in the bucket." True—but if every dishonest politician were to stand back and use those same words there would be no dishonest politics. Every voice counts either for right or wrong, and the moment you get your finger in the pie of government you will feel a growing interest as to whether that pie is good or bad. You need not read the lives of political martyrs in order to enthuse, for you can cultivate patriotism by being a patriot standing at the foot of the political ladder on that rung known as primaries.





From the CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

"Good Deeds Light the Very Skies"

The world comes back from its vacation-time and gets down to its school tasks again, refreshed, let us hope, in mind, body and estate. Errors of commission and omission are sure to be mixed in with the good deeds of the coming work-year. Support for "The National" and the good for others its plans contemplate will be a good, creditable work for anybody. Your subscriptions help. So do kindly words.

* * *

Hail! Prince of Optimists!

Mr. Nixon Waterman, welcomed by critics into that sweet-voiced choir of which Lowell, Saxe, Harte, Riley, Eugene Field and Ben King are members, lives at Arlington, Massachusetts, and his neighborhood is honored by such a mentality in its midst. His publishers, Messrs. Forbes & Company, will shortly begin the publication of Mr. Waterman's monthly, 32-page magazine, the "Optimist," which will be taken in large doses by lovers of sunshine, everywhere. By the way, he lives, as a poet of such a high degree should, in an enviable "atmosphere." Frank L. Stearns; Edward F. Burns,

writer of much ringing verse; Sophie Swett; Ethelred B. Barry, whose illustrations for books are as "perfect music unto noble words"; bland, genial J. T. Trowbridge, and many others almost within "call," must aid in making him feel much at home.

* * *

The picture of Ernest Seton-Thompson, who does wonderful things in animal lore, was not received until too late for last issue.



ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

Readers of "The National Magazine" will be just as grateful to the Century Company for permitting us to see it now. Apropos of Seton-Thompson's delightful note-books (see last month's mention), it will be interesting to note that his namesake, Winfield M. Thompson,—writer, traveler, poet, too,—tells me that two of his most valuable note-books were lost last year in Switzerland through some baggage mix-up,—an irreparable misfortune to the reading public as well as to the author. This last-named Thompson had Holman F. Day's delightful book of Maine poetry dedicated to him, and is worth knowing, anyhow.

The Wire Test

They say the cables of the new East River Bridge at New York will consist of 37 strands of what is known as "No. 8" wire, each strand to have 281 wires laid straight, and the cables to possess a tensile strength of 200,000 pounds to the square inch. Here's abundant opportunity for some of our more industrious wire-pulling friends to work off some surplus energy making a test of their strength.

* * *

Bacchante Revivious

New fun may now be poked at the Comstockian ladies and gentlemen who decided that graceful Madame le Bacchante, introduced to Boston's uppertendom by her father, Frederick MacMonnies, was not in sufficiently good form (?) to gambol in public places. In the Statuary Court, Grand Palace of Fine Arts, Paris Exposition, behold her Serene Ladyship, bunch of grapes, baby, beauteous smile and all, in such excellent company as Victor Hugo, Tecumseh Sherman, George Washington, and others, good and great! Do any of the self-appointed apostles of Purity hurry past with a cold stare? So be it! So much more room left for the rest of U. S. to lay at her joyous feet the homage which is her due.

* * *

My Dear Mr. Baggs:

It is with pleasure that I comply with your request to send you my autograph; but first I wish you to know how delighted and gratified I was by what you said about my dear teacher, Miss Sullivan, in *THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE*. I am only a simple girl, and the more I learn the more I feel my littleness in this great world; but I wish every one could realize as fully as you do what a happiness Miss Sullivan has been and still is to me.

Very sincerely yours,

Your Friend
Helen Keller.

Wrentham, Mass., September 1st.

It is quite like Miss Helen Keller to write so graciously of her teacher, Miss Sullivan, and her letter will have a wide-spread interest. Miss Sullivan writes also, saying in the course of her kind letter, "Appreciation of my work is something

quite new to me, and is, doubtless, all the pleasanter for that reason." Havre Sacque is exceedingly proud of these two letters.

* * *

"The Reign of Law"

"The Reign of Law" cannot fairly be catalogued among books of fiction, because in this latest work of Mr. James Lane Allen, incident and plot are slight and infrequent, whereas analysis of type abounds to such an extent that the book stands, with all other poetic history of lives, separate and apart from mere story-telling. If in several particulars Mr. Allen falls short of perfected story-telling and dramatic proportions, he fully gratifies the highest taste for a refined, poetic expression of deep, sound thinking about human beings, joined to a true feeling for natural beauty. He has ventured in "The Reign of Law" to devote an entire volume to one strong man's religious revolution, touching upon the love passion only incidentally, as the sun while lighting the world beautifies a lake or stream. Along with growing power and maturity of insight there is displayed in this book a puzzling awkwardness of style, suggesting either a disagreeable affectation on the part of the writer or that this work may have been done long ago and only recently revised imperfectly for publication. Even so fine a mind as Mr. Allen's cannot be privileged to print sentences without either subject or predicate, nor to recklessly forego the use of articles. "No socks" cannot be made to correctly stand for a sentence, even by Mr. Allen, who attempts this imposition in one of his freaks of punctuation lately adopted.

"The Reign of Law" is a book worth reading for reasons not pertaining to many recent publications. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions and senses; it presents human pictures faithfully and analyzes them skillfully, but above all else it deals honestly with the great, enduring problems of human life, and for that reason takes a firm foothold upon the richest soil of literature. ("The Reign of Law." The Macmillan Company, N. Y.)

Anna Farquhar

"Enoch Willoughby"

By Jas. A. Wickersham, is a tale of the primitive life and early struggles of Spiritualists in this country at the time of the inception of that cult or creed. The story is quaintly told, but loses force from the frequent digressions and repetitions with which the author seeks to emphasize his doctrines. Otherwise the book is very interesting. (Chas. Scribner's Sons; N. Y.)

* * *

"Elissa"

By H. Rider Haggard, is another of the absorbing stories for which the writer is famous. The scene is laid in South or Central Africa, and purports to be about a descendant of King Solomon, and his adventures in a Phoenician city there. Mr. Haggard's work is always exciting and full of adventure, and this story and "Black Heart and White Heart," which comprise the volume, are most entertaining. (Longman, Green & Co., London and N. Y.)

* * *

"The Autobiography of a Quack"

Reminds one a bit of a similar story told by one of the great French novelists, but is none the less interesting on that account. Anything from Dr. Weir Mitchell's pen is sure to be charmingly done, and how he finds time for so much literary work is little short of marvelous. (The Century Co., N. Y.)

* * *

"Voices in the Night"

By Mrs. Steel, is another of her fascinating accounts of life in far-away India, with its mysterious lights and shadows, and all the differences of civilization that form a piquant contrast to our Western ideals. If the writer errs at all it is in the use of so many Hindu words and phrases, but aside from this the book is remarkably absorbing. Certainly a sweeter character than little Jerry never moved through the pages of any book. In her discussion of the vexing questions of politics and good government, Mrs. Steel strikes an outsider as eminently fair and intelligent. (Mac-Millan & Co., N. Y.)

"Towards Pretoria"

By Julian Ralph is a thoroughly interesting account of that gifted writer's experiences in the field in South Africa. Mr. Ralph's description of the war is vivid and picturesque, told in a thoroughly modern and up-to-date fashion. He is pro-British—rabidly so; and in the contumely he heaps upon the "treacherous," "dirty" and (to him) altogether despicable Boer he fairly outdoes any English war correspondent. In reading his history one would never suspect, for example, that the British forces met any reverses. Not even at the famous battles of Modder River and Maaghersfontein does he admit English defeat, saying of the latter, "we were able to claim the last notes in the tumult of battle!" And not until within six pages of the end of his series of sketches does he admit that, in the aforementioned battle "we had been beaten." Partisanship aside, however, Mr. Ralph writes in a most entertaining fashion. We suspect he is arguing against some blatant pro-Boer correspondent when his denunciations crop out. At all events he gives a different account of the regimental priest's experiences with the Afrikanders when caring for the wounded; and tells a delightful story of "Tommy," and the Boer who in return for something to drink, toasted the Queen. Christmas day in camp comes in for a picturesque portrayal. (Fredk. A. Stokes & Co., N. Y.)

* * *

"Robert Browning"

By Arthur Waugh in the Westminster Biographies is an intelligent appreciation of England's great poet. In these days of many books and limited time it is to such brief yet comprehensive biographies that the lay-reader must turn for information. Especially direct and well expressed is the following paragraph: "Browning took the human soul as the unit of humanity. It was too great, too strong for its surroundings: the world was not worthy of it; but the sphere of its activity was still the world itself." (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

Permission of John Hitz, Supt. Volta Bureau, Washington, D. C.



MISS HELEN KELLER

Deprived of sight, hearing, and the power of speech, since she was nineteen months old. Now a student at Radcliffe under the direct care of Miss Sullivan. One of her numerous famous friends has said of her:

Mute, sightless visitant!
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea
With guidance scant?
As if some bark mysteriously
Should hither glide with spars aslant,
And sails all furled.

(Stedman's "Ode to Helen Keller.")

MISS ANNIE MANSFIELD SULLIVAN

Miss Keller's wise, devoted, all-needful friend, since she began teaching the blind girl in Tuscomb, Alabama, in March, 1887. Of the teacher's watchful, intellectual vigilance might well be said:

Oh, faithful, ceaseless care!
Thy patient way is long!
Sweet symbol of the Love Divine!
Each act a prayer!
Thy gentle hand hath wrought the mystic sign,
And lo! Night, Silence and Despair
Break forth in Song!

("From Darkness, Light!")

LET'S TALK



IT OVER

IN response to a request from a reader I witnessed a production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, "A Rose of Persia." The subscriber is evidently a great admirer of the music written by the composer of "The Lost Chord," and in this admiration thousands of Americans who have witnessed and sung with true amateur fervor the popular comic operas, "Trial by Jury," and "Pinafore," will join. Then, too, I had a personal interest in desiring to see the opera, and while it is not presumed to offer a musical criticism, personal impressions of "A Rose of Persia" may not be out of place.

The opera opens martially and in accord with the spirit of the times, with a flourish of drums, beating the long roll. Of the musical perfection of this, I will leave others to speak, but it certainly awoke the gentlemen in the first row. The music has a touch of Gounod, and a Wagnerian emphasis with drumbeats and the fanfare of trumpets, but it still retains the decidedly original Sullivan-esque flavor. Naturally, I was watching for the jumping, galloping bass, suggestive of "Pinafore," but it was only occasionally noticeable and came like a refreshing memory.

* * *

The most unfortunate thing that ever occurred in the comic opera world was the divorce of Gilbert and Sullivan. Basil

Hood's Libretto and in fact the whole scheme of "A Rose of Persia," is a huge disappointment. The opening scene discloses an oriental harem, and the scenes and incidents suggest a revival of the passe operas of Digby Bell, Hopper and Wilson, of some years ago; only not half so well done. It is supposed to embody a satire on society, as keen as those of Pope or Dean Swift, but the Sultan's "Ginger Pop" solo is about the only thing that reaches the appreciative comprehension of an alert American audience. The whole opera hinges, however, upon very questionable views as to legitimate marital relations, and lacks the least tincture of the sweetness and lofty purpose that is characteristic of Sullivan's earlier operas. This is said with keen regret and reluctance, and the chilliness of the audiences confirms it. It was only a few summers ago that it was my good fortune to call upon Sir Arthur Sullivan at "Riverside," his summer home, at Walton-on-Thames, England. The circumstances will have to be related some other time. I was there as a devoted admirer, and the privilege of sitting in the organ loft of the old church, built in the 11th century, with Sir Arthur at the organ, is a cherished memory. I saw Sir Arthur at home, charming little man that he is, wearing an outing shirt with his gray flannel suit; small in stature,

LET'S TALK IT OVER

sheared side whiskers, streaked with gray, dark hair, parted in the middle, and keen, penetrating dark eyes—a typical, contented English bachelor. The romance—another time if you please. In the hall, in a glass case, was his favorite dog, "Musical James," who had been preserved, in form at least, by the taxidermist. On the grand piano was a metronome (an instrument for measuring time) and scattered about were sheets of manuscript music. I daresay that on that piano were some of the original scores of "A Rose of Persia." He does not fancy Americans as a rule—music publishers especially, but was quite pronounced in his admiration of American prima donnas. In fact, he wrote his opera "Ivanhoe," for Madame Nordica.

* * *

"A Rose of Persia" has charming bits in a musical way and grows better as the opera proceeds. The drinking song is a jolly bit, but the plot of the opera has so much oriental stupidity and such cheap tour de force, that it is difficult to imagine how Sir Arthur could abase his musical talents to such a theme. The music alone, with none of the cheap, tinselatic operatic accessories would be much more endurable and truly enjoyable to a sincere admirer of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

THE European tour of "The National Magazine" party was a splendid success as indicated by the letters sent us by members of the party. Five hundred new subscribers will entitle any gentleman or lady to join the party leaving Boston next July, with all expenses paid for a 32 days' tour. Now is the time to begin work and find out if you have five hundred friends whom you can do a favor and help yourself at the same time.

PARDON the modest blushes when "The National Magazine" is voted the most aggressive and enterprising American magazine published. Our readers are given the best that can be secured on the living, stirring events of the times. The photographs and article from Galveston were the

first to cross the bridgeless channel between the stricken city and the main land, and no better nor more vivid account could be secured than that written by Mr. Clarence Ousley. The article by Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, is one of special importance in this connection. Besides being the first popular priced magazine to handle the subject, it has been treated in a way which will make this number of special value to preserve as an historical record of the most appalling tragedy of the century. "The National Magazine" believes in the American way of doing things, and advance orders have quite exhausted the first edition—but never mind—our presses are furnishing more.

NOW is the time to make up your mind to become a regular subscriber of "The National Magazine," if your name is not already on our books. Over 1000 new subscribers were received in one day, September 5th, and we do not mind saying that this was the banner day of the year. What we would like would be about six banner days every week for twelve months. Every name you are instrumental in adding to the subscription list is an active factor in making "The National Magazine" what it aims to be, a successful and useful American Magazine, printing the writings of American authors, illustrated by American artists, and giving to American topics, new and old, that pre-eminence which has so long been withheld. A large proportion of the younger American authors—now prominent in popular periodicals—made their debut in "The National Magazine."

JUST a moment please! The up-to-date magazine reader of today always looks over the advertisements, because there is quite as much of interest offered in that department as in any other. Now, gentle and patient reader, write the advertisers in "The National Magazine," and mention this periodical. This is important, because the advertisers in "The National Magazine" mean business, and want your trade.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Also write us what you think to be the best advertisement in the October issue for obtaining business; the author of the best answer will receive a bound volume free, and the most popular advertisement in these replies secures duplicate space in the November issue free. So you see by reading and answering the advertisements, you will help yourself, the advertiser, and "The National Magazine." We want results for advertisers. Every advertisement purposes to save money for you by giving you better value therefor. Answer the "ads." Again we say write every advertiser in "The National Magazine" who has anything to sell which you ought to buy. And then—and then—this is italicized—mention "The National Magazine"—in red letters if you like.

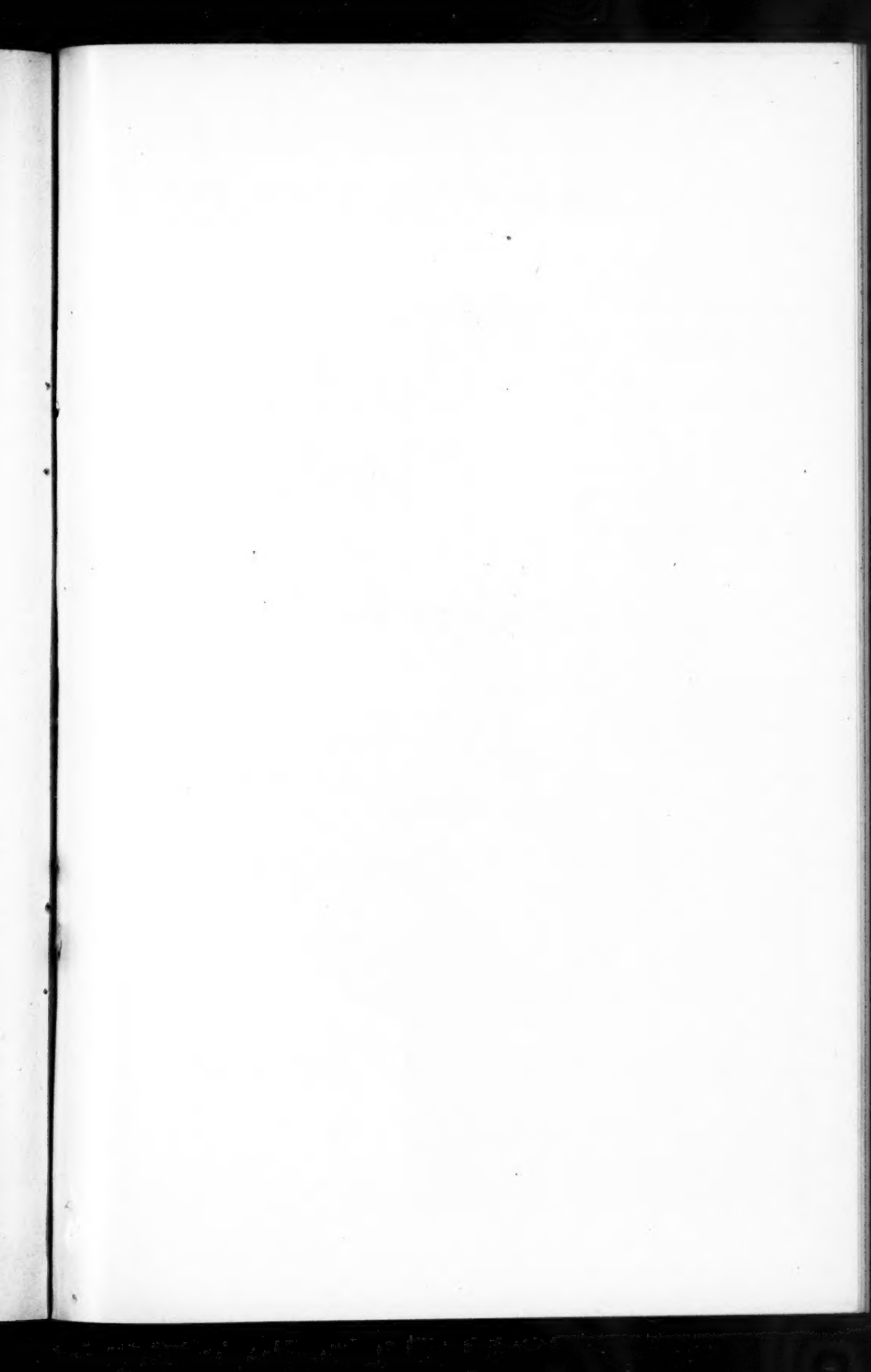
DURING the past year many subscribers from all parts of the country have sent to "The National Magazine" asking us to purchase various articles in Boston. This has been so much appreciated that we have evolved a plan by which this can be made general. On another page read the particulars of "Our Universal Premium List," in which our subscribers can open a shopping account in Boston, New York or Chicago, by sending in subscriptions to "The National Magazine." It is a simple case of division. Every dollar subscription sent in entitles you to ONE HALF THE AMOUNT to be applied to the purchase of any article you desire to secure in Boston, New York or Chicago. Do not fail to reckon in postage if you want the goods sent by mail. No correspondence will be answered in reference to this department except when goods are desired and subscriptions sent in, unless post paid envelopes are enclosed. There is no margin of profit to pay for even a postage stamp.

This plan is simply following out the evolution in trade, inaugurated by the department stores where large sales and small profits are the prime factors. Any subscriber, even in the remotest part of the country, is given the advantage of

shopping in the large cities. We will also be pleased to apply this credit amount on purchases of anything advertised in "The National Magazine." Now is the time to secure a little money for Christmas gifts. Send in orders with subscriptions if possible, as our clerical force will be taxed.

A CASH prize of \$100 will be paid to the individual sending in the largest number of subscriptions to "The National Magazine" before November 15th. This amount is paid in addition to the regular commissions. The splendid success achieved by those soliciting subscriptions for "The National Magazine" has suggested making these cash prizes each month a regular feature. Any energetic person can accomplish wonderful results in securing subscriptions for "The National Magazine" if they are thoroughly acquainted with the periodical and are enthusiastic and in touch with its purpose. Don't hesitate. Go right ahead and you will be surprised to find how much you can accomplish.

THE Pilgrim Exposition in 1920 in Boston is one of the things "The National Magazine" looks forward to with a great deal of interest. Boston's splendid park system furnishes ideally picturesque rides replete with significant historic interest. The landing of the Pilgrim fathers is an event of direct significance to Americans, and the 300th anniversary ought to be celebrated in a way worthy of the nation. Then, too, by taking up the matter in time, the buildings and general effect could be made permanent, and we propose something on the Twentieth Century plan, artistic, beautiful and permanent. The enterprise is a gigantic undertaking—Congress must be interested and every state enthused, but where is there a state, or when has there been a Congress that would not be interested in commemorating the 300th anniversary of an event that is the very source of our national history? Anyhow, we have satisfaction of knowing that we started in time.



THE LATE HON. JOHN SHERMAN

